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UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG.

Description abrégée de l'horloge astronomique de la cathédrale de Strasbourg. Par Ch. Schwielgué. Strasbourg, 1843. 12mo. pp. 70.

A brief description of the astronomical clock of the cathedral of Strasburg. By Charles Schwielgué. Strasburg, 1843. 12mo. pp. 70.

WE HAVE lately heard and read much of improvements in machinery and in the useful arts; of the wonderful progress of steam navigation, of rail roads and electric telegraphs, of Yankee clocks and other ingenious Yankee *notions;* but we must be permitted to think that modern art has as yet produced nothing to compare with the famous astronomical clock of Strasburg. It is truly the prodigy of modern machinery, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. And we think that we can not do any thing more acceptable to our readers than simply to lay before them a summary description of this astonishing specimen of art. In doing so we shall avail ourselves freely of the pamphlet mentioned above, written by a son of the illustrious inventor and constructor of the clock.

Strasburg has been for centuries famous for its clocks. During the last five hundred years its cathedral has been decorated with three famous clocks, of which the present is by far the most wonderful.

The first was commenced in the year 1352, and completed two years afterwards under Bishop John de Lichtenberg. It was placed in the southern transept of the cathedral, directly opposite the site of the present clock. The case was made entirely of wood. The hands of the clock indicated the movements of the sun and moon, as well as the hours and their subdivisions. Near the summit there was placed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which, at the hour of noon on each day, three other small statues representing the three *Magi* or wise men made an inclination of the head, while a cock perched on the top crowed, at the same time flapping his wings and opening his mouth. There was also attached to this clock a chime of bells, which was set in motion by the machinery itself. This oldest clock of Strasburg, which was certainly a prodigy for the time at which it was constructed, was styled the *clock of the three Magi.* It seems to have continued running for nearly two hundred years.

The second clock, called after the man who completed it, that of Dasypodius, was begun in 1547, but, owing to the troubled state of Europe at that time and the death of its original projectors, Michael Heer, Nicholas Bruckner, and Christian Heerlin, it did not begin to run till the 24th day of June, 1574.

Dasypodius was a disciple of Heerlin, and he associated with him in the work some of the most ingenious machinists and expert mathematicians of Europe. Two brothers, Isaac and Josias Habrecht, from Schaffhouse in Switzerland, superintended the mechanism, while another distinguished Swiss from the same city was charged with the execution of the paintings and sculptures which were to decorate the monument.

This clock was repaired for the first time in 1669 by Michael Isaac Habrecht, the grandson of the associate of Dasypodius; it was repaired a second time in 1732 by James Straubhaar, and it ceased to run in 1789, two hundred and fifteen years after its completion. The cock, perched on its summit, the only portion it had borrowed from the old clock of the *magi*, continued to crow regularly at noon until 1640; but having been then struck by lightning, it thought proper from this date to crow only on Sundays and holidays; and it finally ceased to crow altogether in 1789, at the breaking out of the French revolution. It had crowed faithfully for *four hundred and thirty-five years!*

Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed description of this clock, which may be viewed as a fair representation of the progress made by astronomical science in the middle of the sixteenth century. As we design giving a detailed account of the present clock, which contains all the excellencies of its two predecessors without their defects, and which superadds to their machinery many things both new and wonderful, our readers will pardon us for dismissing the clock of Dasypodius with the simple remark that its *astrolabe* or *planetarium* was constructed after the system of Ptolemy, that of Copernicus not having as yet obtained general acceptance among the learned.

The *present* clock was commenced on the 24th of June, 1838; it commenced running on the 2d of October, 1842, on occasion of the tenth scientific congress of France held at Strasburg, and it was solemnly inaugurated on the 31st day of December following. Its machinery is entirely new, and the only things it retains of the old clock of Dasypodius are the case, some paintings, and a few small statues. It is entirely the invention of *M. Schwielgué*, and it is the noblest monument to his memory he could have left to posterity. The wonders of this clock almost stagger belief; but yet we are quite sure there is no exaggeration in the "abridged description," which we must still farther *abridge* for the benefit of our readers. We shall briefly describe each portion of the clock, beginning at the base and proceeding to the summit; and, for the sake of method and clearness, we will number the different parts of our description. As will be seen by a mere glance at the accompanying engraving, the clock consists of three distinct compartments or towers united at the base.

1. The base of the clock is surrounded by an iron grate of a delicate and tasteful texture, so constructed as to enable the spectator to see the internal machinery; and, a little farther out, by a wooden balustrade of a proper height to serve as a support to visiters. The intermediate space is reserved for persons who wish to enter into a more minute examination of the internal machinery.

2. The first thing you notice at the base of the clock is a *celestial sphere*, with a dial or clock-face and hands to indicate the *sidereal* time. The sphere is constructed of copper, and rests upon four beautiful metallic columns. It is adjusted to the meridian of Strasburg. All the fixed stars of the firmament down to the sixth magnitude inclusive, numbering more than five thousand, are thereon represented in their true and relative positions in the heavens; they are grouped together in one hundred and ten constellations easily distinguishable from each other. The stars are painted on a blue ground representing the blue vault of the heavens, and they are marked by Greek and Latin letters of the alphabet. The celestial sphere makes its revolution from east to west in a sidereal day, which is three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than a mean solar day.

In its gradual movements around its axis, the sphere carries along with it the various circles with which it is surrounded, namely, the equator, the ecliptic, and the colures; while the two circles of the meridian and the horizon remain stationary. By its motion it indicates

the precise moment of the rising and setting of all the fixed stars visible to the naked eye at Strasburg, and it, at the same time, points out the precise position in the heavens of each of them at any given hour.

But what is most remarkable about this sphere is the very nice machinery by which, in the revolutions of the equator and ecliptic, proper allowance is made for the *precession* of the equinoxes, a movement so very slow and almost imperceptible, that twenty-five thousand eight hundred and four years would be required for a single revolution around the sphere! In no former instance, perhaps, has the mechanical art aimed at such exactness.

3. Immediately behind the celestial sphere is found the compartment consecrated to the *calendar*, one of the most interesting and remarkable in the clock. A metallic band in the form of a ring, only nine inches in breadth to nearly twenty-nine feet in circumference,* bears, marked on a gilt ground, all the indications of a *perpetual calendar:* the months, the dates, the dominical letters, the names of saints, and all the fixed festivals of the church. This ring, which is movable, advances one division each day, the movement taking place exactly at the previous midnight.

A figure representing Apollo stands at the right of the calendar, and, with an arrow which it holds in the hand, points to the day of the year and to the name of the saint whose festival occurs on that day. The figure on the other side, a mere pendant to the one just named, represents Diana the goddess of night.

The calendar makes its annual revolution in three hundred and sixty-five or in three hundred and sixty-six days, according as the year is common or bissextile; and, what is much more astonishing still, it reproduces the irregularity of the *secular* bissextiles; that is, it retrenches of itself three days in every four hundred years! Thus the date indicated by the calendar will always correspond with the *new* or Gregorian *style* introduced by Pope Gregory XIII. At midnight between the 31st of December and the 1st of January, the calendar bears the inscription, *beginning of the common year;* but if the year about to begin be leap year, the word *common* is dropped by the machinery, which, at the same time, intercalates a day between the 28th of February and the 1st of March!

These combinations are for an indefinite time, and will continue to be reproduced so long as the material of the clock will endure.

But the calendar is so constructed as to indicate, not only the fixed festivals, but also the *movable* feasts: such as Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, Corpus Christi, &c. All these movable feasts *place themselves* in their proper place on the calendar each year at midnight before the first of January, and once they have taken their places, they retain them till the beginning of the next year! Besides these movable feasts which depend on Easter, a particular machinery serves also to indicate the beginning of Advent, the *quatre temps*, and the feast of St. Arbogastus, the patron of Strasburg, which is very irregular, and falls always on a Sunday within the last fortnight of July!

Four statues, perfectly characteristic, executed by the chisel of Tobias Stimmer, occupy the four corners of this compartment: they represent Persia, Assyria, Greece and Rome, the four monarchies of ancient history supposed to have been referred to by Daniel in his prophecy.

4. The space within the annular calendar is entirely devoted to the indication of the *apparent time*, that is, of the time measured by the *apparent* movements of the sun and moon as we see them in the heavens. Every tyro in astronomy knows that the motion of the sun is not regular, or that the intervals between its successive passages of the meridian are not the same throughout the year. From this well known irregularity it results that a well regulated clock will not always correspond with the *apparent* time indicated by the sun. The difference may sometimes amount to about sixteen minutes.

The portion of the clock of which we are now speaking indicates the precise *apparent* time both of the sun and of the moon; and a mere glance at it and at the *mean* or clock time will show you the precise *equation of time*, or the difference between the *mean* and the *apparent* time. The dial plate which denotes this *apparent* time points out,

*In giving the dimensions of the clock and of its various parts we have endeavored to reduce the French to English measures, with at least an approximation to accuracy.

1. The moment of the rising and setting of the sun.

2. The *apparent* time at any period of the day or night.

3. The *apparent* diurnal motion of the moon around the earth, with its *apparent* right ascension, and its passage of the meridian.

4. The phases of the moon.

5. Finally, the eclipses of the sun and moon.

The hours of the rising and setting of the sun are indicated by a movable horizon, which divides into two parts the circle of the sun's diurnal revolution, and which is so regulated by the machinery as to point out on any day of the year the precise length of the day and of the night. Thus at the equinoxes, or on the 21st of March and the 20th of September, the division is equal, and at the tropical seasons the inequality is greatest. The whole is, of course, constructed for the meridian of Strasburg. Due allowance is also made for the refraction of light, which may cause an irregularity in the *apparent* time amounting to nearly three minutes.

Two hands of the same color as the dial-plate upon which they are projected are terminated, one of them by a gilt disc surrounded by a halo of rays to represent the sun, and the other by a little globe of a silvery color to represent the moon. The size of these two representations is proportionate to that of the sun and moon as seen by the eye, or to the *mean apparent* size of those two heavenly bodies; and this circumstance renders them highly proper for the representation of eclipses both of the sun and of the moon.

For this effect, the centre of the dial is occupied by a figure representing with exactness the hemisphere of the earth, of which Strasburg occupies the meridian or vertical point, which hemisphere is placed so as to suit exactly the meridian of that city. Now every one knows that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun, and by the shadow of the moon thus cast upon the earth or a portion of it; and that, on the contrary, an eclipse of the moon takes place in consequence of the earth interposing between the sun and the moon, and casting its shadow on the latter. All these phenomena are most beautifully represented by the portion of the clock we are describing. The machinery, in fact, exhibits a miniature representation of all the phenomena connected with eclipses; and it enables us easily to trace all the causes of those phenomena. The abstruse calculations of astronomers have thus been successfully applied to mechanics, or rather they have been embodied and rendered palpable by the mechanical art. And what is most astonishing, is, that in this as in other things, the clock is constructed for an indefinite period of time.

5. It would lead us into too many dry scientific details, and would swell this paper to an unwarrantable length, to unfold fully the basis, with the various complicated parts, of this truly wonderful mechanism. And we must make the same remark in reference to the next portion of the clock, occupying the two spaces adjoining the calendar, and devoted to all the intricacies of the *ecclesiastical computation* of Easter, and the other movable feasts of the church. This computation gave rise to many animated controversies in the olden time, and it has puzzled many a wise mathematical head. The irregularities of the lunar motion which forms the basis of this computation are many and exceedingly intricate. But they did not for a moment deter the intrepid mechanical pioneer, *Schwielguè*, who, without any hesitation, seized upon and unravelled, by his beautiful clock machinery, all that intricate and cumbrous complication of cycles, golden numbers, dominical letters, Roman indictions, Julian periods, and epacts. There they are, all the singular elements of that curious computation, made visible to the eye, and plain to the lowest capacity!

6. For the reason just indicated we must dismiss, with one or two words, that interesting portion of the clock placed on the other side of the calendar, to the right of the spectator, and devoted to the *solar and lunar equations;* that is, to the exact computation of those irregularities of solar and lunar motion which we alluded to above. The mechanism here points out all the elements of these irregularities, namely: the equation of the centre, the evection, the variation, the annual equation, the reduction, and finally, the equation relative to the modes of the moon. Those of our readers who understand astronomy will easily comprehend the meaning of these several technicalities, and will be able to appreciate

the exceeding delicacy of the calculations they involve. To those who have not dipped much in astronomy we would barely say that we have not time just now to go into the necessary details, and that we had better pass on at once to something they will find more interesting.

7. The portion immediately above the calendar is devoted to *the days of the week.*

On an azure ground, made to represent the heavenly vault, successively appear, surrounded by clouds, the seven pagan divinities after whom the ancient planets were named. These allegorical figures come forth, each on its own day of the week, in chariots of a light, graceful, and classical form, bearing inscribed on the wheel the name of the divinity, and drawn by different animals allegorical of the attributes ascribed to each one by the ancient poets. These cars move on a delicate aerial rail road of a circular form.

On Sunday Apollo, or Phœbus, the god of day, appears on a radiant car, drawn by the horses of the sun.

On Monday the chaste Diana, the emblem of the moon, makes her appearance on a car drawn by a stag with timid step.

She is followed on Tuesday by Mars, the terrible god of war, whose car, drawn by a fiery charger, is ready to fly to the combat.

On Wednesday is seen Mercury, the fleet messenger of the gods, bearing the wand and the purse.

On Thursday appears Jupiter, the dread sovereign of the gods, and the thunderer of Olympus, with his emblematic thunderbolt in hand.

On Friday appears Venus, the goddess of beauty, accompanied by her son Cupid, in a light and coquettish car, drawn by tender doves.

Finally, on Saturday appears Saturn, armed with a scythe, and on the point of devouring a child, a suitable emblem of time, which devours all things in its resistless and relentless course.

On the two sides of the compartment dedicated to the days of the week, are very appropriately placed, as correctives, several pious paintings, by Tobias Stimmer, representing the grand scenes of the creation, of the resurrection, of the last judgment, and of the final triumph of faith and virtue. Placed in the same compartment are two beautiful allegorical pictures, representing virtue and vice, under two female figures strongly contrasting wit each other. These paintings qualify the pagan emblems which they surround.

8. We are not yet half done with the wonders of this most wonderful clock. Ascending the case of the clock, we next come to the *gallery of lions*, so called from the circumstance that its extremities are guarded by two massive lions, sculptured in wood, one holding in his claws the escutcheon, and the other the coat of arms of the city of Strasburg. These lions, taken from the old clock, seem never to have had any motion whatever.

The middle of this gallery is occupied by a small dial-plate, with hands indicating the *mean time;* that is, the time composed of hours, all of equal length, and the exact arithmetical mean between those of the longest and those of the shortest days of the year.

These hands are moved *directly* by the central movement of the clock, while those indicating the *sidereal* and the *apparent* time above spoken of, are moved by intermediate and special machinery, so constructed and arranged as to communicate to them the necessary irregularities of motion.

9. On this gallery of lions you see, seated on each side of the dial-plate just mentioned, *two genii.* The one on the left of the spectator holds a sceptre in one hand, and in the other a little hammer, with which he strikes the *first stroke* of each quarter of the hour. He does this with admirable gravity and dignity, as a signal to the regular strikers, of whom more anon.

The *genius* seated on the other side holds in his two hands an hour-glass, filled with red sand, which he turns, with great ease and dexterity, every hour just after the fourth quarter has struck.

10. Immediately above the gallery of lions is seen the *planetarium,* constructed according to the system of Copernicus. This exhibits all the apparent motions of the planets composing our system. The ground of the circular space occupied by it is azure, to represent the sky seen at a great distance. The centre is occupied by the sun, with his gilt disc, from which twelve rays proceed, indicating on the circumference of the dial the twelve signs of the zodiac. Seven small spheres, gilt, but differently shaded with clouds, placed at the

proper relative distances from the sun, made of the proper relative sizes, and moving with the proper velocities, represent the seven planets visible to the naked eye,* in their respective motions around the sun. The *planetarium* thus exhibits an exact miniature of the real *planetarium,* as displayed in the heavens, with all its movements and phenomena regulated by clock machinery! And that nothing might be wanting to its completeness, the motions of the moon are also included; both its motion around the earth, and its motion around the sun along with the earth!

At the four angles of the *planetarium* are painted, under the expressive emblems of the four ages of human life, the *four seasons of the year.*

Immediately above the *planetarium* is seen, placed in the starry heavens, a large globe destined to represent, in a conspicuous manner, *the phases of the moon.* This globe turns on its axis in a lunar month, and, the axis having the proper inclination, its *enlightened* side increases or diminishes in its apparent size to the eye, so as to represent very accurately the lunar phases.

At the same elevation are found two emblematic paintings, the one representing the Christian church under the form of a beautiful female, with the inscription, *Ecclesia Christi exulans;*† the other representing the antichrist under the form of a hideous dragon with seven heads, with the inscription, *Serpens antiquus antichristus.*‡

12. Next comes the portion of the clock most striking to the eyes of the superficial observer, consisting of various little emblematic *statues,* which are *automata,* having each its own appropriate office and motion. These little *automata* make their appearance in two distinct compartments, or *ogee*§ arcades, placed the one over the other.

In the lower compartment appear successively four small statues, representing the *four ages* of the human family, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. They appear, every quarter of an hour, as follows:

At the first quarter of each hour, immediately after the *genius* below has given the usual signal, the *child* makes his appearance, bearing a small javelin, with which he strikes the bell once. He is succeeded the next quarter by the *youth,* who, dressed as a hunter, strikes the half hour with his arrow. Next comes the *man,* clad in a coat of mail, and armed with a sword with which he strikes the three quarters. Finally comes the *old man,* wrapped up in warm clothing, and bending over his crutch, which he, however, has strength enough to raise in order to strike the four quarters.

Each of these little figures, on leaving its place, makes two steps forward in order to reach the bell suspended in the middle of the arcade; it then pauses only long enough to discharge its office, when it retraces its steps to make room for its successor!

The hour is sounded by a hideous skeleton representing *death.* This figure is stationary in the centre of the compartment, and is placed firmly on a strong footstool or pedestal. At each hour, immediately on the disappearance of the *old man,* this horrid spectre raises up its bony right hand, and strikes the hour slowly and heavily on the bell. It is armed with the appropriate scythe, and it pursues its work, day and night, with fearful regularity, while, by a singular freak in the machinery, the *four ages* suspend their operations during the night, to indicate the repose which is indispensable to all ages and classes of the human family! This suspension, which, like all the other wonderful evolutions of this most wonderful clock, is operated certainly and without any noise, presents one of the most singular features in the mechanism.

13. The upper compartment, much more richly decorated, is occupied by a *figure of* Jesus Christ seated upon a throne in the middle, holding in one hand the glorious banner of the redemption, and extending the other in the act of imparting his benediction.

Each day, immediately after *death* has done striking the hour of twelve, twelve figures, representing the *twelve apostles,* each bearing the badge of his martyrdom or some other distinctive emblem, form themselves into a procession, and present themselves at the feet of their divine Master, there making an appropriate salutation. On the departure of the last

* Herschel is not so visible, and is not represented in this *planetarium.*

† The church of Christ in exile.

‡ The old serpent antichrist.

§ *Ogee,* in architecture, an arcade with alternate convex and concave arches.

apostle, Christ gives his benediction in the form of a cross!

14. During the procession of the *apostles*, the *cock*, perched on the summit of the tower to the left of the spectator, entones his chant of victory, after having first flapped his wings, shaken his head and tail, and expanded his throat, like any other cock of them all! This *cock* is made after nature; it is as large as those which figured in the two previous clocks, and it crows *three times* each day at noon, in memory of the chant which recalled Peter to repentance!

15. The dome, which crowns the case of the clock, is as remarkable for the elegance of its form as for the richness of its ornaments. In the centre of it is placed a statue of *Isaias the prophet*, executed by the famous sculptor of Strasburg, M. Grass. Around it are grouped the statues of the four evangelists, accompanied by the four mysterious emblematical animals of Ezechiel the prophet. A little above are seen four seraphim, who, on different musical instruments, celebrate the praises of God.

16. The tower on the left, surmounted by the *cock*, is decorated with a number of paintings which belonged to the old clock. The one highest up represents *Urania*, the muse which presides over astronomy; the second represents the huge *colossus* of Daniel the prophet, allegorical of the four monarchies; and the third is the portrait of *Nicholas Copernicus*, the Catholic priest to whom astronomy is so much indebted.

17. The total height of the central or principal tower of the clock is about sixty-four English feet, while that of the other two is somewhat less. The dial, which looks out on the cathedral square, is of the enormous circumference of about fifty-one feet English. The hands of this dial are moved by the clock within the cathedral; they are of a beautiful Gothic structure, and they indicate the hours with their subdivisions, and also the days of the week, in such a manner as to be clearly visible to persons in any part of the square.

18. The clock is wound up once in eight days. It has but ONE PRINCIPAL MOVEMENT, which is governed by a *regulator* that beats the seconds, which regulator, in its turn, is regulated by a *pendulum*, and by an *escapement* garnished with precious stones. This great central movement, notwithstanding the very small force which propels it, imparts *direct* motion to *eight* different departments of the clock, to wit:—1. To the hands belonging to the dial denoting the mean time. 2. To those of the great Gothic dial. 3. To the *planetarium*. 4. To the globe representing the phases of the moon. 5. To the seven figures representing the days of the week. 6. To the dial of the apparent time. 7. To the solar and lunar equations; and 8. To the celestial sphere for the indication of the sidereal time!

19. The other secondary movements, five in number, derive their motion from that of the centre, in a regular series, and according to a most simple and harmonious arrangement. Every thing in the whole complicated machinery thus moves smoothly and harmoniously. No piece of wood, or of any other frail material, was used in the structure of the clock, but, on the contrary, those metals were selected which were the hardest and the most durable.

20. Such are the principal wonders of the great clock of Strasburg, which we think our readers will agree with us in pronouncing the greatest triumph of modern mechanical art. To the Catholic it must be a matter of honest pride, that this astonishing piece of mechanism is Catholic in its conception, Catholic in its emblems, Catholic in its characteristic features, and Catholic in its execution. It has immortalized the name of SCHWIELGUE.

A SUNDAY VISIT TO A BURIAL GROUND.

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

CLOSED are the gates. The scorching summer sun
Pours its full flood of enervating heat
Where shadow comes not, and no genial breeze
Wakes the o'erburdened stillness of the air,
Yet, still unmoved, they wait—a pious few—
As sheep impatient for the shepherd guide
To lead to pastures, indistinctly seen,
Of pleasant verdure, and refreshing brooks.
Though strangers all, each with the other holds
The sympathetic chain that binds alike
The prince and peasant, husbandman and lord,
But woman most! The self-same chord that rang
A knell through Mary's heart at Jesus' tomb,
Vibrates responsive in its echoes here!
The creaking hinge and fallen bar disclose
An Eldorado to the longing sight:
This monumental city of the dead!
Let memory note her records of the scene.

Here veiled affliction, 'neath a widow's form,
Bends o'er the new made grave, and, weeping, prays;
An orphan girl, in mean attire—poor child!—
Kneels, grovelling, on the dusty clay that lies
Above her buried love, nor heeds the wear
Her scanty garments feel; and she, too, prays!
Fathers for children, husbands for their wives,
Friends for their friends—one common prayer from all!
While on the tortuous anguish of these hearts
Hope's many colored rays prismatic throw
Their ever-changing hues, symbolic joy,
When pent-up sorrow finds relief in tears!
How blest the children of the one true church,
To whom alone—that inward solace, peace
Unspeakable—'tis given to know that death
Divides not earthly love; but, pierced by faith,
The future, opened to our view, displays
The suffering spirits helped by prayers of men—
Their fellow men—while sojourners on earth!
Oh! balm of comfort to our drooping souls!
Oh! blissful thought that soothes the aching heart,
Dries up our tears, and bids us meekly own,
With resignation mute, *Thy will be done!*

Here, too, is shown death's universal power;
Hibernia's exile children laid beside
Hispania's olive sons; Columbia, too,
With Gallia, Scotia, and Britannia's boast—
Her stalwart yeomen—all rich tribute pay,

And, side by side, their pride brought low, behold!
From the great book of human life torn out,
Whole pages disappear; here partial blots
Are seen; here records incomplete! E'en now,
Beneath our very feet, five yawning graves,
As subtile quicksands, eager to engulf
The living with the dead, their prey demand.
Another's fate to-day!—to-morrow, ours!
On every side the Christian emblem, reared,
Dispels all doubts, forbids the mourner weep,
Gladdens the sight, and reassures our fears.
These are thy triumphs, sacred cross! 'Tis thine
To make death tremble in his own domains,
Pluck from his ghastly brow the victor's wreath,
And, o'er his victim's ashes, whisper, Peace!

But night advances, and the rising moon
Her golden stream of light effulgent sheds,
Inducing heavenly thoughts; while fiery Mars
(An emblem fit of purgatorial flame,)
Seems to forebode th' impending day of wrath!
Let us begone!

NEW YORK, August 26, 1845.

PREJUDICES REGARDING MONKS.

THE "Models of English Literature," a class-book compiled in Baltimore, may be seen an eastern tale of much grace and beauty, the composition of Mr. Hawkesworth. "No life pleasing to God that is not useful to man," is the maxim inculcated by the story. In spite of ourselves, we could not repress a momentary reminiscence of Joseph Surface, the sentiment was so conspicuous and concise. The position can not be disputed, since every life pleasing to God *must* be useful to man. But Mr. Hawkesworth's conception of what is useful to man strikes us as being rather limited, and decidedly anti-catholic. We arrive at that conception by the whole tenor of the piece, and by the following sentiment, put in the mouth of the learned Cosrou, "Virtue is not rest, but action." Well, eloquence is action, and, perhaps, vice is action, certainly quite as much so as virtue. However, 'tis not with the definition we quarrel, but with the illustration of it. From Mr. Hawkesworth's "*action*" the acts of faith, hope and charity are excluded. In short, the pretty little fable is a sly thrust at the monk and hermit. The recluse must quit his solitude, the monk his cell, and mingle in the *active* duties of life. This is the moral, though hidden in the maxim; the worm, though smothered in a rose. The argument, drawn from its ambuscade, stands thus: No life is pleasing to God that is not useful to man; the lives of monks and hermits are not useful to man; therefore, not pleasing to God. We deny the minor. There never was a hermit so entirely withdrawn from his fellow-mortals, as to be without opportunities of serving them; and if he neglected to improve those opportunities, it was not the fault of his life. Grant the efficacy of human intercession for humanity with the Creator, and none will deny the utility of the religious. A thousand faithful hearts, suing mercy for the world, would have more than saved Sodom and Gomorrah. It may have saved us. We can not subscribe the uncomfortable creed which for-

bids a supplication for others than ourselves; it is a selfish creed, a creed at war with the maxim illustrated by Mr. Hawkesworth himself, and opposed to the very essence of Christianity. Our redemption was purchased with the blood of a God; we were ransomed through the merits of another. To strip friendship of its highest and holiest privilege—a prayer—is repugnant to religion and to nature. Concede, then, that the prayer of the righteous man availeth to secure a boon not purely selfish, and the lives of the hermits will appear not quite as useless as Mr. Hawkesworth would insinuate. But, setting this aside. From the lips of the recluse monarchs have learned wisdom; the cell has more than once afforded counsels more potent for good than were ever uttered from the shrine at Delphi. And in the retreat of the religious, the way-worn pilgrim could always obtain, in the name of God, a cup of cold water, and the fruits of the earth. Before civilization had produced the inn, and when Christian charity well supplied its place, the hermit played the host. But this gratuitous hospitality was practised by the monks to a much greater extent.

To comprehend the important part played by monastic institutions in the reconstruction of civilization, we must glance at the history of the middle ages. Any one familiar with the condition of Europe, immediately after the invasion and triumph of the Goths, will at once perceive the immensity of the task assigned to Christianity. The Frank, the Saxon, and the Norman had nothing in common, but barbarism and the sword. Europe was peopled by a race of men who despised, as effeminate, literature and the arts, and who deemed the plough unworthy the hand that could brandish a javelin. In the forests of Germany the dread Hesus and Taranis were propitiated, fear, not love, prompting the sacrifice; nor had the Druidical groves, reeking with human gore, yet been cleared, and petrified into the Gothic temple. The whole continent was a chaos. And when we contemplate power that reduced the ill assorted mass to order, and from the Europe of the fourth, produced the Europe of the fifteenth century, we begin to comprehend the magnificent language of Bossuet: "If God had not created Christianity, he might envy its author." The revolution wrought in matter, recorded in the first chapter of the first book of Moses, was fully equalled by the mental illumination effected by the church.

Nothing so much contributed to the accomplishment of European civilization, as the fact that there was a religion common to all Europe. The immense importance of this fact will be better conceived after diligent study and reflection. It was the instrument that restored harmony to the world, and the only one capable of doing so. When man became able to discover a brother in his neighbor, the horrors of universal barbarism began to abate. Before the irruption of the northern hive, there was but one power existing sovereign at the same time; but, under the influences of Christianity, the present separate and independent European powers sprung into existence. This phenomenon has excited but little of the attention it deserves. Without some great counteracting element, nation would have warred against nation until, like Greece and Rome, the strongest arrived at universal rule, like Greece and Rome to decay, and thus refinement and barbarism have ruled alternately *ad infinitum.* And we are convinced, even from the pages of Gibbon, Robertson, Hallam, Sismondi, and Guizot, that the church of Christ *was* this great counteracting element, and that Christianity alone could have compelled a monarch to acknowledge an equal, thus *originating* the harmony between the nations of Europe that interest *maintains.*

We have the inclination, but not "opportunity of leisure," to trace the triumph of the church; the conversion of Clovis, the successes of Charlemagne in France, Adrian in Saxony, Ancharius, whose panegyric has been pronounced by Mr. Wheaton, in Denmark and Sweden, and Augustin in England. And yet Europe was necessarily christianized, with scarce the distribution of a single Bible. Indeed, the employment of the sacred volume, as the principal means of conversion, seems to have dated with the vesture of its copy-right in the king of England. Then cargoes were shipped to places where its characters were as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of Central America. But Christianity must be taught by example as well as by precept. The Christian religion is a practical one, and ought to consist in something more than theory. The apostles were the first missionaries, and their *acts* must

be repeated as well as their *epistles*. This evident truth is strangely overlooked.

An American or European, after consulting the English histories of the middle ages, will have very little reason to be proud of his ancestors. Nor, indeed, ought he to expect much refinement in savages, or much virtue in heathens. But the healthy effects of a pure religion upon our mild progenitors are always greatly underrated. Rather than permit any ameliorating principle to the church, our historians invariably ascribe it to some redeeming trait in barbarism. Thus, the dignified position occupied by woman in modern society, a position corresponding to her deserts, and the softening and most valuable influence she is consequently able to exert, and does exert, over modern civilization, is attributed to the respect paid her by the old Germans. This is one of the wildest vagaries that ever buzzed in a human cerebellum; it never could have effected a lodgment in the cerebrum. Tacitus has something to the point. The pithy old Roman, in describing Teutonic economy, says that the men, when not engaged in hunting, gaming, or fighting—"hebetent"—*loaf* through the whole season, throwing all labor to their wives. From another, and a higher source, we can trace the rise of woman to her proper level. Her elevation began—when the head of the serpent was crushed—when a daughter of earth became the mother of God. A growing respect for her gave to chivalry its most beautiful feature, dignified passion into love, and transformed the rugged soldier into the gentle knight. The vices of chivalry belong to its age, its virtues to religion. The Moslem possessed as high a spirit, and as lofty a valor, as the Christian champion: but *his* failings could not be said "to have lost half their guilt, because purified of all their grossness." If the wife is now the companion, not the slave of her husband—woman not the drudge, but the ornament of society—she owes it not to Teutonic barbarism, but to the universal devotion inspired by *one* from whom she can scarce withhold the appellation, *blessed*. Digression, in a discourse without much pretension to unity, will be excused as part of the plan.

M. Guizot, in his history of civilization, observes that without a church—a visible supreme church—Christianity, as a mere private belief, an individual conviction, could never have survived the shock that completely changed the face of Europe, and convulsed the continent to its centre. To this we most unhesitatingly subscribe, and add, in the language of the Puritan, had the able minister's tongue never wagged before or since, "it would not owe his mouth a single penny's rent." One of the visible elements of this church were the monasteries. "At the irruption of the northern invaders into the Roman empire," says Mr. Hallam, "they found the clergy already endowed with extensive possessions." Here, then, was something tangible for the Goth to cling to or destroy. But the missionary had crossed the Danube, and penetrated to the shores of the Baltic, teaching the barbarian enough of Christianity to make him respect its institutions. The monastery became the nucleus about which the adventurers collected, who thus furnished the monks with constant opportunities of whispering the doctrines of salvation. The austerities of the holy men won reverence, their charities love, their learning respect. Gradually they gained the ascendency, that, deprecated as it has been, we can not be persuaded to regret. Mr. Hallam ascribes to them the usual amount of covetousness and deceit, denounces their large domains, but candidly informs us how those domains were secured. "The monasteries," he says, "acquired legitimate riches by the culture of deserted tracts, uncultivated and unappropriated, and by the prudent management of their revenues, which were less exposed to the ordinary means of dissipation than those of the laity." Now, what a splendid part this was taking in the regeneration of Europe. We fancy that the redemption of barren wastes, the making wildernesses to bloom afresh, may come under what Mr. Hawkesworth denominates "usefulness." And what a powerful incentive to the roving barbarian to labor, and to force from the soil beneath him the means of subsistence, must have been the agricultural pursuits of those cowled monks. And still they toiled amid a thousand dangers, the fruits of all their industry at the mercy of avaricious chieftains. "They were obliged," continues Mr. Hallam, "to invest powerful lay protectors with considerable fiefs, as the price of their assistance against depredators, while these advocates became, too often, themselves the spoilers, and opposed the helpless ecclesiastics for whose defence they had been engaged."

If the clergy obtained grants from landed proprietors, in their dying moments, conscience prompted the bequest, which was seldom but the return to the rightful owner of what had been violently wrested from him. Or, to consult Mr. Hallam again, "those very men who, in the hour of sickness and impending death, showered the gifts of expiatory devotion upon the altars of the church, had passed the sunshine of their lives in religious plunder." We do not exempt the clergy from human frailty; they certainly were anxious to extend their possessions, and, in the endeavor, may have resorted to illegitimate and reprehensible means. It should be remembered that the clergy of that period, like the laity, were barbarians. They owed all their refinement and superior learning to their vocation; for, if we impute their vices to Christianity, to some higher power we must attach their virtues.

The constitution of every monastery dedicated one third of all its revenues to the poor. But the charity of these institutions was never impeached: indeed their liberality has been condemned as excessive and misdirected. Mr. Woodesson, in one of his lectures before the Vinerian school, asserts that, before the reign of Henry VIII, England had no need of an alms-house. The reign of Queen Elizabeth presented another spectacle. When the large number of indigent persons dependent upon the bounty of the convents were turned loose upon an unsympathizing community, poverty sunk to a crime; contempt, not pity, was the pauper's allowance. Is it not better that an occasional imposter should be fed than that real want should starve for deception not its own? When a beggar presents himself it will occur to a truly charitable man, "I may happen to alleviate actual miseries," not, "I may be unfortunately the dupe of a rogue." If the monks erred, the failing leaned to virtue's side. Mr. Hume, in his life of Henry VIII, introduces this sentence: "Many decayed gentlemen passed their lives in travelling from convent to convent, and were entirely subsisted at the tables of the friars." And after noticing their bounty to the poor "by this hospitality as much as by their own inactivity did the convents prove nurseries of idleness." But if monkish benevolence encouraged, the red-hot brands of Elizabeth were not well calculated to foster pauperism. Yet has the number of paupers decreased since the dissolution of the monasteries? It has been gravely asserted that the plenitude of beggars in England at the present time is mainly attributable to the indiscriminate liberality of the convents. Thus it would appear that unlimited indulgence to the parent begets an appetite for starvation in the son.

There is nothing so productive of crime in the poor as the insensibility of the rich to their sufferings. Indiscriminate liberality is far better than indiscriminate severity. The "decayed gentlemen" noticed above, from inoccuous "*sponges*," are converted into pickpockets and gamesters. We can not refrain transcribing from the little book of William Thom, the Scotch weaver poet of Inverary, a passage strikingly illustrative of this point. After recording his many fruitless applications for admittance even to a barn, for shelter from the peltings of a highland storm, and when the snow-drift becomes the only pillow for his half-frozen wife and child, the poet continues, with singular eloquence: "Society knows not how insecurely it sits. When remorseless avarice has laid transcendent wretchedness in the dust, when despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart, and when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy, who then can limit the consequences?"

So much in reference to the hospitality of the monks. Let us now advert to their "*inactivity*." The transformation of desolate provinces into what became the model farms of Europe has already been given as a specimen.

To the good taste and disinterested labor of the monks the scholar is indebted and the schoolboy beholden for whatever remains of classic learning. The illuminated manuscript was not accomplished without much more difficulty than is the printed book, and printing is no easy task even when the hope of gain presides at the setting of the type. Had the religious of the dark ages been blessed with the enlightened perceptions of those who, ten centuries later, mistook the propositions of Euclid for necromantic mysticisms, we would possess less of Cicero than we have of Pericles. When the utter abhorrence with which Christianity regarded paganism is considered, the good sense displayed by the fathers of the church in distinguishing the religion of the ancients from their literature can not be suffi-

ciently admired. The bonfire of Omar is what might have been expected. It is now thought a matter of course that the masterpieces of antiquity should have commanded reverence, but in their preservation we witness a liberality unexampled in the annals of the world. Carefully were the classic treasures copied and preserved. But why, it is asked, were they not circulated? Circulated! how and to whom? As soon as a means offered, and others than the clergy were able to appreciate their excellence, they *were* circulated. And then follows the great revival of letters: the monks were most *useless* fellows indeed. Let it be borne in mind that, before the invention of printing, there were few books and consequently few readers, and that by the dispensation of a gracious Providence religion *for a time* superseded literature. Had every bishop been an Augustin, and every monk a Thomas Aquinas, the middle ages, as far as regards the masses, would not have been a jot more conversant with literature.

Victor Cousin styles the middle ages "a preparation for, not the development of a higher order of things." And when we review the writings and copyings of these "inactive" friars, such a mass of ingenuity, learning and industry arrays itself that it is absurd to accuse their authors of ignorance or idleness. "The logic of the schoolmen," says Mr. Hallam, "so much ridiculed by Hume, is quite equal to any of that acute gentleman himself."

Another fact that is alone sufficient to free the monks from the imputation of *inactivity* is the existence of those stupendous Gothic edifices adorning England and the continent. In carving, masonry, elegance and majesty of design, they bid defiance to the nineteenth century. Trinity church in New-York is said to be but a mediœval chapel bloated to a cathedral. And compared with the originals, we may well exclaim with Victor Hugo, "that modern imitations show like painted poundcakes." And who were the designers? Who sketched out the flying buttress and branching column?—the monks. Yet their beauty is the least recommendation of these noble buildings. In their erection the donations of the rich went in liberal wages to the poor; the convents being thus the channels through which superfluous wealth was turned upon poverty; for the cathedrals in beautifying the country fed the people. We will say nothing of their loftier operation.

"Henry VIII," we copy Hume, "at different times suppressed six hundred and forty-five monasteries, demolished ninety colleges, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free-chapels, and a hundred and ten hospitals." Neither piety, learning, nor utility could protect so fair a prize from the rapacious avarice of the tyrant. And yet the revenues of all these institutions fell far short of the expectations of the king. All in all they amounted to but one hundred and sixty one thousand pounds, not a twentieth part of the national income. It was not the policy of the convents to accumulate wealth, but to expend it as usefully as possible. Their revenues were unquestionably immense, but were not allowed to moulder in unfruitful coffers. It is a mistake to suppose that the monasteries were destroyed by the people. The king and his minions were almost exclusively instrumental in the work of ruin. It is an undisputed fact that the lands of the convents were let at a very low rent, and that "the farmers, who regarded themselves as a species of proprietors, always took care to renew their leases as soon as they expired." Henry was obliged to quiet the resentment of his subjects by promising them that the royal possession of so much real and personal estate would secure them against taxation. But when the entire lands and revenues of a convent went to a cook as the price of a pudding, such assurances were not expected to avail long, and the sequel proves how religiously they were observed.

The infidel historian we have so often quoted, in an essay upon "the probable fate of the British empire," argues that the king, owing to his rapidly increasing wealth, will prove, before many centuries, too strong for parliament, and that despotism will inevitably ensue. Whether this be altogether correct or not, we not gifted with prophecy can not determine. But this much is certain, that the harmonizing power between the aristocracy and the people has disappeared with the monasteries, and that the most violent extremes have ensued; Catholic England had neither the boundless wealth nor the grinding poverty that characterizes her present political economy.

Thus much have we ventured upon a sub-

ject fraught with interest. If we have gone much beyond our depth, it was pleasant swimming, at least as far as we are concerned. And it will be observed that we have made out our case entirely from opposite testimony, exerting the most equitable privilege of assuming as true all that a witness professedly against us admits in our favor, and taking the liberty to question whatever he advances to our prejudice. There are yet many relics of what we venture to call a more virtuous age than this, towering to heaven with the mingling dust of centuries upon them. To these the Catholic may still turn with pleasure, and, as he surveys these venerable tokens of his ancestry in Christ, reflect that he is one of the glorious line that reared them—a line whose splendor is undimmed and eternal. When Macaulay's New Zealander takes his stand upon a broken arch of London bridge, the ruins of the old cathedrals will be sacred as the Parthenon.

That the gross misrepresentations in Protestant history have produced or kept alive half the prejudice that now exists against Catholicity is unfortunately too certain. But even an attentive perusal of Hallam or Hume will open the eyes of our dissenting brethren. Palpable untruths carefully transplanted into school-books are what is most to be guarded against. The mind when young is imbued with an abhorrence of Catholic principles: a hatred of *Romanism* is stamped upon the wax while soft. Alas! that it should ever harden to the bigotry which stops not at the torch and fagot. As long as public schoolmasters revile and public school-books belie us, this unfortunate hostility must continue. If there be aught deserving contempt, it is to warp the infant understanding with gilded sophistries, that matured reason, unbiassed by early prejudice, and unperverted by this cradle schooling, would reject. Bigotry must be early sown or it will not take root. And could the Protestant arrive at manhood with unjaundiced eye, he would, instead of reviling, admire or at least let alone the church that stood firm, "like the pyramid, braving the deluge," when all else went down before the resistless Goth, the scythe of time, the reptile tooth of French infidelity, or the earthquake march of the Corsican.

At this period, when there is a religion for each particular state, and unanimity seems as irrecoverable as the lost Pleiad, sectarian harmony is most peculiarly desirable. If any suppose that the Methodist improperly shouts himself into a religious frenzy, and tears devotion to tatters, let them not endeavor to shout him out of his peculiarities. It is idle to ask the Baptist in Hudibrastic language why "he dives like wild fowl for salvation," or, "fishes to catch regeneration;" to tell the Presbyterian that his new light is

> "A dark lantern of the spirit,
> Which none see by but those who bear it,
> A light that falls down from on high
> For spiritual knaves to cozen by;
> An ignis fatuus that bewitches
> And leads us into pools and ditches," &c.

Such sneers only breed heart-burnings: are easily given and as easily retorted.

> "Facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni."
>
> A horse laugh is the logic of a ninny.

This mutual crimination paves the way to persecution, which at this epoch is a most unaccountable though unfortunately no rare phenomenon. Experience ought to have sufficiently demonstrated that religion resembles the flower which thrives best when trampled on. Persecute any faith however chimerical, and you assimilate it to true Christianity.

We could wish to see Mr. Hawkesworth's fable, however pure its diction, and though vastly more innocent than many other insertions, expunged from every school book, and that the closest attention should be devoted to the compilation of every book for infant hands.

In conclusion we hope it will appear that, if the religious, while accomplishing the conversion of a continent, were able to effect all the temporal good we have pointed out above, and especially if the efficacy of prayer is conceded, a life of solitude, the cell and the cloister, while freer from temptation, may be as conducive to man's temporal and *eternal* welfare as any other vocation. M.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM, (1691.)*

(From Dolman's Magazine.)

WE CAME to Aughrim three days before the fair, and being desirous of seeing the scene of the famous battle that was fought there, and of hearing the account the people who live on the spot give of it, we sent for an old man who was accustomed to make a description of it to strangers. He led us first to the spot where the high road from Athlone enters this little town, for it is little superior to a country village. He turned his back to the town and had the road straight before him in a line; as it lay through a bog that is near half a mile broad, close to the town, but of vast length, for it runs out of sight both to the right and left.

"You see that bog," said he; "this straight road was sometime or other made already across it: the Irish by this road entered the town. As they marched from Athlone they saw it was difficult for the English army, who followed them in order to bring them to an engagement, to get over the bog and come at them by any other passage than the road; and you see the road is very narrow and straight. About half a mile behind this bog there they resolved to make a stand: they threw up a battery here at the road,—you observe the remains of it very visible still,—which they planted with cannon.

"No more than two, or at most three horsemen can come abreast along the road, and as it is nearly a level and almost a straight line about half a mile, they had so far to mount up point blank opposite the mouths of the cannon. The horse had no other way by which they could possibly come to action, and it is plain if they had attempted to force this passage, not one could ever reach the battery if it were defended. Behind, the Irish horse were drawn up under the command of Luttrel, who also, unfortunately for the Irish, commanded the battery. In this situation the Irish were confident of being attacked only by the English foot; the English foot had the bog to cross under their fire before they could come up to them.

"This was the prospect of things on the side of the Irish. Now let us go to the place of action from the old battery and see the position we were in."

We followed him across the town up to the brow of a hill that lay in length parallel to the way from the town and rose up gradually from the bog to a considerable height. We turned our faces as before to the bog, with a large regular descent between, where he stood.

"Again you see," said he, "the bog is narrow. About the middle there runs through the whole length of the bog a small brook or inlet, sufficient to turn a mill. Beyond the bog, but near it, you see a parcel of small hills like sugar loaves; sheltered by these hills, the English pitched their tents or camps the night before the battle. After the Irish had taken the restoration and laid out their disposition, both armies were in the afternoon in view of each other, expecting next morning to decide the cause of religion, liberty, and property. The Irish fought for common rights of humanity under the banners of loyalty, and the English for security under the pretence of religion. I must not forget to tell you the reason the English had to hasten the attack, was because Lieutenant-General Sarsfield, an enterprising and successful officer, was on his way with a considerable body of men to join the Irish army. They wanted therefore to come to a decisive action before this reinforcement came up. Let us now go down to that part where the centre of the Irish army stood during the action, nearly where General St. Ruth was killed by a cannon shot."

We followed him to about half way down the descent, when he stopped. We then had the town of Aughrim and the battery I mentioned beyond at the head of the road at some

* Written by Mr. James Usher, author of "Clio of the muses," according to the relation of an old man who had been an eye-witness to the engagement. Original in possession of J. E. O'Reilly, M. B., Annagh, county Cavan.

little distance on our left, and the bog beyond which the English camp lay.

"In front you see," said he, "better than I can, three green roads, like stripes of meadow ground, stretched down on the English side through the bog to the inlet; these roads were made in the night time by the English for their foot to pass through the bog. In the morning the English foot came to the attack in three columns in those three roads; under the shelter of a dreadful fire made from several batteries they had erected as near the bog as they could bring their cannon."

We in this part of his discourse interrupted him to stop his narration till we should go down to the bog, to try could we pass the rivulet and get to the three green roads which we saw plainly opposite to us, for we wanted to view the ground where the English army stood. But after passing through the bog till we came near the river, we found the bank so swampy and so like a morass, that we chose to go back rather than to attempt to cross it, so that it was really difficult to pass. When we went back, our old historian went on with his discourse.

"The Irish army, who were drawn up on the side of this hill, to oppose the passage of the English," he said, "were much more exposed to the fire of the English by their situation, than the English, who stood on level ground, were to theirs; but then the English had the bog to cross, in which they had the whole fire of the Irish to bear. They made three very bold and obstinate attempts, and each time some of them pushed on so far as to cross the rivulet, but they were driven back with a considerable loss and in great confusion each retreat, particularly the third time. M'Guire's regiment of infantry pursued them over the river, and went so far as to dismount one battery of cannon; which being performed they retreated in good order with little loss.

"The English showed no great strength for pursuing them or making another attack; it is true they kept up a continual fire, but it was distant and irresolute. Things were in this situation, when two incidents happened that proved fatal to the Irish army. St. Ruth, riding about giving orders, elated with victory and in hopes of mighty future matters, was killed by a cannon ball on the spot; and the English cavalry had in part passed, and were passing, over by the road I mentioned, unmolested by Luttrel, who never fired a shot at them, but retreated in good order at the head of the horse, whom he did not suffer to strike a stroke. The English cavalry, as soon as they passed the road, fell in with the rear part of the Irish foot, who were intent on defending the passage of the bog, and in the utmost security of the road,—M'Guire's regiment, with himself at their head, who had so wonderfully signalized themselves that day, and three times repulsed the enemy that stood next them. When this regiment first saw the horse advancing towards them, deceived by the livery and the prospect of victory after great danger, they thought they were their own cavalry come to share the honor. They took off their hats and hurra'd; but the next moment they were attacked and cut to pieces. Amazed and unprepared, however, in surprise and despair they behaved like brave men. Such as could do so, fired their pieces, and clubbed their muskets, for bayonets were not in use. After, they asked for quarter, but were refused, agreeably to the usual ferocity of the English, who were stung by the joy this regiment expressed at the defeat of the English foot. They had no place to fly to, so they fell, after killing a few of the English horse on the ground they had that day defended so well. Not a single man escaped. They lay nearly as close as they stood; their heads, shoulders, and breasts, were covered with blood and wounds. Three or four other regiments which were near them were also to a very few men cut to pieces.

"In the meantime, the English foot passed the bog and the river on the bodies of their countrymen with little molestation, and the remainder of the Isish foot withdrew in a precipitate manner, that could not be called either a flight or a retreat. But as they continued to be pressed by the English horse and foot, who had now joined, the retreat had more the appearance of a flight and slaughter. For I should have told you the Irish horse under Luttrel had long before marched by a different route, at a considerable distance from the right of the foot; so that the Irish foot, being exposed to the whole English army, horse and foot, had nothing but death before their eyes, without hopes of quarter. Yet they attempted still to keep in a body, but it was not

possible to do so long; they were on the point of being totally broken, when an accident happened that saved them, and put an end to the carnage."

When we were in this part of the narration, we had got back to the summit of the hill following the course of the rout, so that our back was to the bog mentioned and the scene of the preceding action.

"You see," said he, "at a small distance before us, a little circular bog that is white with reeds, in which are several holes without water. Here the Irish foot, coming on with precipitation, divided to the left and right of the bog and joined at the other side. The English army followed them in like manner, firing on them as they fled, and harassed them continually. An Irish drummer, in the confusion of the retreat, threw himself into one of the above-mentioned bog holes and lay concealed among the reeds; this was two hours before the night fell. In this situation, solicitous for the fate of his countrymen, and struck with the imminent danger to which they were exposed, he bethought himself of a stratagem equally new and extraordinary, to stop the pursuit of the enemy. He beat a retreat as loud as he could! The regiments of the English foot who were next to the bog, thinking this was done by the order of the general, (taking it for granted that Lieutenant-General Sarsfield with his reinforcement was arrived and ready to attack them in disorder,) returned instantly, closed and marched towards this hill, while the whole body of foot imitated them; and the English horse, seeing the foot retire, sounded a retreat likewise and came back in the same consternation. For the Irish foot were not totally broken. Their horse were entire, and in good order, and at no great distance, and if Sarsfield had really appeared with a fresh body of about four thousand men, while the English were dispersed and in confusion, there was a great deal still to be feared.* At the head quarters, they were instantly possessed with the same ideas. Every body imagined the rest had good reason for retreat, and inquired on which side the enemy appeared. But before they got intelligence or could draw their troops together in order, night came on; the Irish escaped, and a fresh pursuit became impracticable."

* It thus appears that Sarsfield was *not* in the battle. *Ed. of Dolman's Mag.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the Catholic Weekly Instructor.)

"Corpora sanctorum in pace sepulta sunt: et vivent nomina eorum in æternum."

WAS a calm, sweet evening in the "merrie monthe" of May, such as is ever wont to warm the heart, and create in the soul of an Englishman that mingled sensation of pride and love of country not to be felt at such an hour by the inhabitants of sunnier climes than his. A slight tinge of green was spread over the budding hedge-rows, and already the bright primrose and pale anemone shone like jewels in the deep emerald of the mossy banks. Sprightly birds, chirping their merry notes, hopped from spray to spray, and occasionally there might be heard the long, deep lowing of the cattle, or the barking of the watch-dog, from some distant grange, which shot its gables, with their quaintly carved barge-boards, high amidst the surrounding elms. Far off might be seen a tall spire, with its gilded vane, glittering in the rays of the setting sun, or the more humble turret of the village church, with its blessed bell, which but a few short months ago had summoned, at its call, the lord and the tenant to kneel together at the holy mass; but now, alas! assembled those who, having thrown aside the old religion, eagerly listened to all that would be there said, whe-

ther in disproof or in ridicule, of "this ancient sacrifice." Yes, the time of which we now write was that sad period when this unfortunate land had left the fair faith of her forefathers, insuring to its fervent adherents earthly consolation and eternal joys, to adopt the cold comfortless, wavering, and forbidden creed of a "church apart."

It was on the evening we have just described, and when England was still thirsting for the blood of the steadfast members of her ancient church, that a couple of travellers, mounted on serviceable but travel-worn steeds, rode down an unfrequented lane, which, winding along the side of a hill, through green meadows and still greener fields of growing corn, commanded an extensive prospect of the valley beneath. They wore large Spanish riding cloaks and slouched hats, and their beards and hair were trimmed to meet the fashion of the day. They were both of them, to all appearances, men of middle age, robust and healthy, and although devoid of every superfluity of dress, the grace and mildness of their bearing towards each other bespoke them men, if not of high family, at least of liberal education. For some time they rode on in silence, continually looking on either side of the road and before them, as if they feared some ambuscade, and frequently raising themselves in their stirrups to obtain a fuller view of the adjacent country. At length one, who might have been the younger of the two, broke silence and exclaimed, "God of mercy, shield that such a fair land as this should be held by the spoilers of holy church! and yet," he added, "it is so. Oh Jesus, aid us, that we may undo this foul deed." "Marry and Amen!" rejoined his companion; "here in good sooth is wide scope to sow the blessed seed. May God prosper our undertaking! with his aid we will fight the good fight even unto death." "Good, my dear brother; right willingly with God's high grace will we strive, and I doubt not but that if we conduct ourselves as soldiers of Jesus he will grant us the most costly and heavenly reward of the martyr's crown, at the completion of this campaign upon which we are incontinently about to enter." "God grant us success and strength, and courage to boot," returned the other. "It is a hard warfare to endure, but God is our shield! It was but this very morning he delivered us from the bloody hands of those unhappy pursuivants; and who knows but that we may need the same deliverance this very eve, or else his grace to withstand the rack and chains on the morrow. But list ye, brother, we be nigh to the village, and it behooves us to hold our peace on these subjects. Mary, Mother, be our speed!" "Amen," rejoined his companion, in low but fervent tone, and thus the conversation ceased. Our readers will by this have learned that the travellers were Catholics, and moreover in orders, if not priests. They were in truth both of them priests, and had lately returned to England after banishment, to aid by their word and example the suffering members of the true church, in spite of the cruel laws by which all such were driven from her shores. They had now entered the little village of ———, and rode to the ancient hotel which stood in its centre, with the straggling hawthorn growing before its arched doorway. Here they alighted, and having seen their tired horses safely disposed of in the stables, entered and seated themselves before the spacious fire-place in which blazed and crackled a huge fagot. A few of the village ancients were there, who bade them welcome, and made place for them, whilst the host prepared for them a most abundant meal. They had scarcely begun to partake of it when mine host began to expatiate on the comfort of his beds, but more especially on the excellence of his wines. The offer of the former was courteously refused, as they expressed their determination of passing the few hours they intended giving to repose before the fire, but a stoop of wine was ordered, and desiring their host and others who were present to partake, the party closed round, and conversation soon began to flow. After various other topics, the present state of England and the religious persecution became the subject of conversation. The easy behaviour of the newcomers soon caused all reserve to be thrown aside, and although they said little on a subject so deeply interesting to them, still their companions, warmed with the good wine, spoke their feelings openly and without restraint. They all agreed that the doctrine of the papists was damnable and heretical, but condemned the severity of the government, especially in regard to the clergy, whom they esteemed to be

honest and harmless men. And these, in fact, were the opinions of the bulk of Englishmen at that period. "Truly," said Giles Goodman, for in that goodly name did the landlord of the 'Flaming Sword' rejoice, "truly methinks that these papist priests are sorely misused. Were I seated where our much loved queen does now sit, I would not hang and quarter them by dozens, but I would banish them, and forbid them ever to set foot again on English ground; for mine own part I hold them as not deserving of such hard ways." "So think I, neighbor Giles," responded one of the circle, even the church clerk, Humphrey Bell; "and had I all those blood-thirsty hounds here who scour the country, breaking into honest men's houses and insolently searching them for hidden recusants, I would hang them up even as they are wont to hang up the papists." At this moment the tramp of horses was heard outside. They paused before the hotel. The company within listened for a moment with suspense. At length a heavy blow fell upon the oaken gate. "They be impatient by reason of the late hour of the night," muttered the host, as he went to receive them. The company of villagers rose, wished a good night, and followed the host to the door. "Ye may take your rest, masters," said the host to the travellers; "I have another apartment for these new guests whoever they may be." The two priests, being now left alone, accordingly recommended themselves to God, lay down upon the oaken settles which stood around the fire, and begged he would bless their short repose. And their repose was to be short indeed—for scarcely had they laid themselves down when they were alarmed by the loudness of the voices they heard without, the bustling of men and horses which seemed to be going on in the yard, and which seemed so unlike the manner of tired and peaceful travellers. They crossed themselves, rose from the position in which they were, and eagerly listened, if possible, to catch something indicative of the character of the newcomers. The noise began to subside, and they were again laying themselves down to rest when the door of their chamber was suddenly but cautiously opened, and the host, all breathless and in haste, addressed them: "Masters, masters, tell me, in God's holy name, an ye be priests; if so, fly, the constables be here, and if ye be taken we are all ruined. I have saddled your horses myself, and they be now standing ready for ye without. Mount and ride, for your dear lives, whilst the hunters are even now searching the lofts." The holy men heard the startling intelligence without displaying any alarm. They cast their cloaks about them, and throwing down upon the table a few silver coins, heartily thanked their host, and praying God to bless him, left the house. Their horses were in the yard to meet them. "Are you mounted, Bernard?" whispered the younger. "Yes," replied the other. "Lady, help them," and their horses sprang forward. As they went clattering through the echoing archway, they were suddenly startled by a broad gleam of light, as if proceeding from a lantern across the road directly opposite to the gateway. Before they had time to rein in their frighted steeds they were challenged, by the loud voice of a man on foot, "Who be ye there? stand in the queen's name." "We be peaceful travellers, and charge ye, in the queen's name, whosoever ye be, to let us pass on." And, so saying, the priests struck the long rowels of their spurs into their horses' flanks, and gallopped along the road opposite to that by which they had entered the village on the preceding evening. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before they heard loud shouts proceeding from the hotel which they had just left, and which they rightly conjectured to proceed from their baffled pursuers. Knowing that they would be instantly followed, they dashed onwards until they came to a spot where the road branched off into two others. Here they paused for an instant, and listened eagerly for any sound which might indicate pursuit. The night hitherto had been dark, but the moon now passed from behind a black curtain of clouds, and spread a calm silvery light upon the scene. The remnants of a mutilated cross stood at the extreme fork of the roads, and at its base, muffled in their cloaks, and mounted on their faithful steeds, motionless, and in anxious silence, sat the hunted, persecuted servants of God. Oh! how many a bright angel stood around them at that moment, and that, too, with respect and reverence for those priests of the Most High whom men insulted, and persecuted even to the death. For some time not a sound broke upon the silence of the night.

"It is even as you said, brother Bernard," said the younger, "we have again experienced the merciful aid of God. Whither shall we now wend? I do much fear to go again to Sir Walter Belmont; he hath suffered much already on our account, and I were unwilling to bring him into farther trouble. Let us rather make to Sir Marmaduke Ramsey. He will readily receive us; the river ——— may not now be farther than five miles from this, and his house is then only one mile distant." "Henry, God's benison be on ye. Ever have you shown yourself a wise and witty adviser; let us incontinently turn down this road which leadeth to the river, I know it well." "Hark!" cried Henry, the younger priest, "be not that the tramp of horses?" A moment of the most anxious silence ensued, which was broken by the rapid galloping of horses which now began to be distinctly heard in the distance. "Of a surety, Henry," cried Father Bernard, "they be coming; let's on under God's blessing and Mary's aid;" and the next moment they were spurring towards the ford of the river. The pursuers had now in their turn reached the old cross where the two roads branched off, and which the holy priests had not left more than ten minutes before. As they were at a loss which of the roads to take, they paused for a few moments; and as they were four of them, a pursuivant, and three zealous Protestants, it was determined that they should separate, and the two of them should take one road and two the other. It happened that the pursuivant was one of the two who chose the road by which the priests had gone towards the river. The other road led to the town of ——— although the horses on which the priests rode had been somewhat refreshed by the short repose they had had in the stables of mine host, yet their long journey on the previous day had so fatigued them, that they soon began to show evident signs of exhaustion. For some time their riders kept them at a steady pace by dint of riding-rod and spur, but these soon proved unavailing, and they at length permitted them to drop into a slow trot. After a quarter of an hour of this kind of riding they came within sight of the river, which they perceived to be rather swollen by the late rains of April. "Mary, refuge forefend," prayed Father Bernard, "that the waters be not out so that our horses may not cross, for, and my ears deceive me not, our pursuers gain upon us." With this they again urged on their jaded steeds, and in a few minutes gained the edge of the ford. The river rolled its swift flood past them, eddying amongst the roots of the trees which overhung the waters on either bank. The moon was partly obscured, and the fugitives paused upon its brink and looked silently on each other. But there was now no time to be lost. They could plainly distinguish the shouts and threats of their pursuers, and recommending themselves to God, they began to cross the stream. For some yards the water was shallow, and the current was not very rapid, but when they had got about one third of the way over, the stream grew stronger, and the waters rose to the horses' girths. At this critical moment the pursuivant with his companion arrived on the bank, and without pausing for an instant urged their steeds into the stream with a loud yell of triumph. "Haste ye, Bernard," cried Father Henry, who was a few yards in advance of his companion. "Haste ye in God's name or ye be taken!" But the tired horse of Father Bernard was gradually yielding to the force of the current, and indeed so closely was he now followed that the pursuivant made an attempt to seize the skirt of his cloak as it floated out on the stream. The holy man saw the attempt, and drew it around him as closely as he was able. "Fire!" shouted the enraged pursuivant to his companion, who had purposely loitered behind him in the shallow part of the river, "Fire, or he will escape me." The next moment Father Bernard's horse with a loud and piercing scream plunged madly in the stream, wounded mortally by a bullet discharged from the harquebus of the assistant pursuer. Its master, entangled in the cumbrous stirrups, was carried along the stream with it. The pursuivant was also thrown from his saddle, so fearfully had his own horse plunged by reason of what it saw and heard. He could not swim, and, as he rose, looked despairingly about for his victim. With some difficulty Father Bernard disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and was endeavoring to cast off his cloak and swim to land, when he felt it clutched by the drowning grasp of the pursuivant, who had been carried down to him by the current. Upon this he made an effort to burst the cord that fast-

ened the cloak round his neck, and had just succeeded when his foe grasped his arm, drew his poignard, struck him in the left side, and with a yell of demoniacal triumph sunk with his victim, a murderer beneath the cold dark waters. A tinge of blood that discolored the waters gave sad evidence that the blow had taken effect. During this deadly struggle which had occupied only a few moments, Father Henry had gained the opposite bank, and the other pursuer, seeing the imminent danger of his companion, had remained on the same side from which he had fired at the horse of Father Bernard. Both of them now forgot the relation in which they stood towards each other, so intent were they in watching the struggle which now appeared to be ended. But as they still gazed vacantly upon the spot where the murderer and his victim had sunk, the moon shone calmly out, and discovered, lower down the stream, the holy Father Bernard feebly struggling with the waters. By a simultaneous impulse they rode along either bank to the spot opposite; but with what different feelings! The holy Father Bernard looked towards the bank where his companion stood, but he saw it was vain to attempt to reach it. His life's blood was fast mingling with the current. He raised his eyes to heaven, and ere he sank below the surface, a prayer for his persecutors reached the spectators. As was the prayer of Stephen the martyr, so also was this of Father Bernard powerful before the throne of the Most High. For at the same instant that it fell on the ears of him who "was consenting to his death," it reached his heart. "He may yet be saved," cried his pursuer, and so saying tore off his cloak, hurled his harquebus into the stream, and leaping from his horse, plunged into the river, and reached Father Bernard in time to grasp the collar of his doublet as he was sinking for the last time. Henry had beheld the scence, and with a heart overflowing with joy and thanksgiving for so wondrous a miracle of grace, cast himself also into the river, and by their united efforts bore the expiring martyr to the bank. The next instant the converted sinner was prostrate, bathed in tears before the dying man, who was supported in a sitting posture on the ground by Father Henry. The pardon he craved was granted, and with a fervent blessing, and the sweet names of Jesu and Mary upon his lips, the martyr gave his pure soul into the hands of the "Queen of martyrs," and the "white-robed army," to be conducted in triumph to the foot of the throne of the Lamb.

A sweet and mysterious atmosphere seemed to encompass the happy actors of the scene. A pale beam from the moon fell through the leaves of the oak, beneath which the priest and the convert had laid the dead body, and lit up, as with a light from heaven, the mildly smiling features of the martyr. The river ran murmuring by, and some little birds, disturbed in their resting-places by the noise of the fray, chirped gaily overhead, as if they offered themselves to be the guardian angels of that holy spot. A shallow and temporary grave was soon formed beneath the oak, and, folded in Father Henry's cloak, Father Bernard was laid in it. With many a hymn of thanksgiving, and many a petition for his intercession, the sorrowing, yet gladsome companions, proceeded to the house of the neighborhood before spoken of, related the occurrences of that memorable night, and in a few weeks the remains of the martyred servant of Christ reposed beneath a costly monument in the private chapel of Sir Marmaduke Ramsey.

Laus Deo. G.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 646.

CHAPTER XX.

"Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura."—*Petrarca.*

Last Requests.—The Catholic Priest as he is.—Conclusion.

DURING an interval of a few days the invalid remained composed and tranquil, and almost entirely free from those violent paroxysms which lately had so racked his frame. Nothing could surpass the tender devotion of his parents, the unslumbering care of his mother, or the sad and watchful attention of the colonel, who, in a thousand nameless ways, and by unnumbered acts of thoughtful kindness, testified his repentant regrets. Lonely and sad were his vigils in the silent night hours, by the side of his dying child, when remorse, like a burning coal, consumed the quiet of his heart, and memory, with bitterness on her tongue, whispered over and over again, the startling truth that he alone had, by his blind and violent prejudices, been the means of shattering the urn which contained his most costly treasure. How unlike the divine model which he professed to follow, how little in accordance with the spirit of that religion which he deemed perfect, had been his conduct; he had dared to step in and judge between the inspirations of an immortal soul and God; he had not only inflicted on the body all the evils which it was in his power to command, but, in his arrogance, would have wrested that soul's faith away, and torn it from its sanctuary at the foot of the cross, and, by worldly promises, bribed from it the sacred substance of religion, to which it trustingly clung, and shrouded it once again in shadows and nothingness; but the effort had been worse than useless, and now there was nothing left for the broken-hearted old man, but funereal sadness and repentant tears. Nothing could have shown more distinctly the revulsion which had taken place in his feelings, than the circumstance of his frequently reading aloud from books of Catholic devotion. This, even now, was no small sacrifice, as the sometimes variable expressions of his countenance would indicate. At certain passages he would involuntarily pause, while a scornful smile curled his lip, and again a shade of profound contempt flitted across, and disturbed his brow, and, at such moments, a casual observer might have discovered from the quivering of his lips that his sentiments almost found utterance; yet, by an effort, he suppressed them, and a single glance at his dying son, a recollection of his heroic and patient suffering for the sake of this religion, whose sacred lessons and precepts *he* despised, (not because they were not, in themselves, good and pure in their meanings, but the fact of their emanating from the Catholic church was, in itself, quite enough to make them less than nothing in his eyes,) would recall him instantly to himself; but these symptoms, as he continued to read, became less frequent, and Mrs. Clavering was much astonished, on several occasions, to find him poring over pages which contained solid and indisputable arguments in favor of the Catholic faith. The colonel, like Mr. Beverly, would not, or could not realize that Clavering's illness would terminate fatally, and trusted implicitly to the hope of being able to return with him, in a week or two, to Blenheim Forest, and frequently talked of the tranquil moments they would again know there, and, while he conversed on the subject, really enjoyed the anticipation of a happy renewal of the days of "auld lang syne."

"Ah! my dear boy," he one day said, "your old haunts need you sadly. When you return to them they will again look natural. When we get home" ———

"Dear father,"—interrupted Clavering,—"when we get *home*, do you say?"

"Yes; when we once more get to Blenheim Forest, there will be a thousand things to interest and amuse your mind. There is a splendid stud of horses in the stables, but they, particularly the hunters, have been so idle and pampered, for a year past, that they are scarcely manageable, but you were always at home in the saddle; so, when you get stronger, I shall depend upon you to tame them down a little. There is fine shooting, too, Louis, and, as for the fishing, I don't think old Isaac Walton himself could have complained of it. D'ye remember, boy, how I caught you once, after you had gone out for a day's sport? your fishing tackle towed off by a huge catfish, and you dreaming over the pages of some Greek or Latin nonsense, while your hand remained most perseveringly extended grasping, instead of your rod, the empty air. Aha! Blenheim Forest is still there, thank God, and some rare times you and I will see yet, my boy."

"Dear father," said the young man with a quivering lip, "deceive not yourself. I shall never again see Blenheim Forest. The shadow of the valley of death already casts its chill about me; but, beloved and indulgent father, there is a request—a single one—which now, that the opportunity presents itself, I would fain make."

"You astonish! you pain me, Louis! Return home no more? I will not believe it; it is too monstrous a thing to think of even," replied the colonel in an agitated and hurried tone. "But this request! name it, name it at once; and if the gratification of it is within human reach, it shall be granted!"

"I observed once," said Clavering, after a pause, "in the family vault, at the 'Forest,' that the coffins of my ancestors were massive with silver, on which was inscribed, in most elaborate style, the armorial quarterings of the family, and glowing testimonials of their worth. If, sir, you are not opposed to it, will you allow my last narrow house to be different from theirs?"

"As how?" inquired the colonel sternly.

"This request," whispered Clavering to himself, "may, after all, have more of human pride than humility in it, though God forbid. On *my* coffin-lid, father, instead of proud armorial bearings and eloquent eulogies, have only my name and age inscribed underneath a simple cross, and this sentence: 'By this sign we conquer!' On the plate where usually the virtues of the deceased are graven, direct these words to be placed: 'Like the flowers of the field we wither and become incorporate with dust, but the soul ascends to God to be judged according to its works;' and on the smaller plate, at the feet, the prayer of the church for her departed children, *Requiescat in pace.*"

Tears started in the colonel's eyes, as Clavering ceased speaking, and would have fallen, but pressing his hand for a moment over them, he, by a great effort, controlled his emotion, and stooping over, he kissed his forehead, and replied: "My son, my dear boy! these are but the gloomy anticipations attendant on extreme debility, yet they pain me deeply, because I know they must be vastly injurious to your health. Cheer up! cheer up! you shall yet see the old trees of Blenheim Forest putting on their green leaves again in the coming spring. You will be better then, I'm sure, and, arm in arm, we will walk forth as we did in days of yore, and plan, and improve, and trust each other for ever, Louis!" There was a touching cadence in the old man's voice, and an imploring and subdued expression in the glance of his proud eagle eyes, as he pronounced these words, and he listened for Clavering's answer as intently as if the sentences he might utter would contain in them some secret power of life and death, which could either give him back to his love, or consign him to the darkness of the lonely supulchre, until the angel of the resurrection should open its sealed door.

"My father," he said, regarding him for a moment with a look of profound affection, "even should your fond wishes, relative to an improvement in my health, be realized, will you remember, as a last request, the favor I have just asked, when life is over with me?"

"Louis, this is a strange and unexpected request, and, while I dread giving you pain, I must say that I am entirely unprepared to decide on so singular a subject. You must make due allowance, my child, for the claims of family pride. You are my only son—nay, my only child—one of whom I have always felt

proud. Such was my unshaken confidence in your high-toned views of honor, that even when we were so cruelly separated, and, on our way heavenward, walked in such different paths, I always felt a secret consciousness, in the midst of my anxiety and disappointment in your behalf, that whatever position you might occupy, or in whatever condition in life you might be placed, it would still be honorable to your name and character; and now, my son, in the sad event of your death, which God forbid should occur for many years, think you not it would wound me most exceedingly to see you, the last, though not least worthy of a long and distinguished line and ancient name, laid as humbly down among your ancestors as if you had, in some way or by some means, brought a stigma on their untarnished fame?"

"Forgive me, sir," said Clavering, "I would not do aught that could for an instant give you pain. I only shrunk from honors which I deserve not, and which I feared might be conferred on my unworthy and soul-forsaken dust. The wish to have graven on my coffin lid the sign of that redemption, through which alone I hope for eternal life, and a few pious sentences, was perhaps too selfish. I thought that when occasionally the eyes of the living might fall on them, they would be reminded of my departed soul, and piously remember the same. But, as you please, dear father; as you please."

"Resignation and submission, oh my God!" whispered the colonel, clasping his hands, "teach me these, or I shall madly rebel against thee!" After a short pause of intense mental agony, when every warring emotion of pride would fain have caused him to refuse the pious request of his dying child, natural affection, and a latent spark of humility, which his patient example had kindled into something like life, triumphed, and, in a low, broken voice, he at last said, "*It shall be done.*"

Mrs. Clavering just at this moment came in to say to her son that she was going out for a half hour, and to inquire if there was any thing she could do for his comfort before she left. "I may be detained longer, my dear, than I expect; so just think a moment, there may be something left undone which you will need before my return."

"Your kind attentions, my mother, have left me no wish ungratified. I need scarcely ask whither you are going, or for what pious purpose. Pray for me, mother!"

"Shall I walk with you, my dear," inquired the colonel, "it is growing late. Mrs. Botelar will remain with Louis until I return?"

"Thank you, dear colonel, no; I am only going to the cathedral, which, you know, is but a short distance. I shall soon return."

"Then," whispered the colonel, as he walked with her to the door, "then, Josephine, in that holy place, forgive and pray for me."

"*Forgive!* best of friends, let that be an unknown word between us hereafter. The use of it implies that you have, some how, wronged me. I have now nothing to forgive. We have both suffered: you more, much more than I. *I will pray for you.*"

"What new wonder," thought Mrs. Clavering, "is this?" Can it be that Almighty God, who has his own time and way for the fulfilment of all things, is now, as of old, about opening the eyes of the blind? Did I understand him to say, '*Pray for me in that holy place?*' Yes, I could not be mistaken, and he may yet, after all, renounce his errors." With this new and unlooked for hope to cheer her, she entered the cathedral for the purpose of continuing a general confession. The last day-beams were stealing gently in, and a soft twilight hue hung over every object through whose transparent dimness the sacramental lamp, in lone and silvery brightness, shone like the evening star, long shadows fell along the deserted aisles, and by the uncertain light the Virgin and Child seemed like veiled spirits on the eve of ascending to the upper world. Solemn, and profoundly silent was the scene; every lingering worshipper had departed, and only the angels of the church, hung on their invisible pinions, to keep watch in the holy place which mortals had forsaken; she started at the sound and echo of her own footsteps, and felt most impressively the meaning of the word *alone*. *Alone!* how sad the word; and as she knelt in humble adoration before the most holy sacrament, solemn thoughts of the last hours of life stole, with softened and subdued shadows, through the windows of her soul; when *alone*, unaided by mortal arm, the spirit tremblingly approaches the crumbling sands which the chilly waters of death steal, one by one, away, and hearing the irrevocable

mandate of its Judge, prepare to launch forth in the sullen tide, where soon the body, like an empty shell, is swept along on the current to forgetfulness and decay; sad, yet not dark, were these reflections, for God, in his love and mercy, had sent the ministering angels of penitence and contrition to cheer her amid her tribulation, and these brought with them hopes of eternal rest. In all humility she prayed for those necessary dispositions and graces which can alone insure forgiveness, and consigned herself, with every emotion of her soul, and those two beloved hearts who had requested her prayers, to the most holy will of God.

She now arose to enter the confessional, when an individual leaving it attracted for an instant her attention, and, as with slow and reverential step and eyes cast down meekly to the earth, he passed her in the aisle, she looked again, thinking she recognised something familiar in his aspect, and could it be that under this penitential guise she recognised *Mr. Beverly?* It was even so. He had that evening entered the cathedral with a depressed and repentant heart, which pulsated with half formed wishes for an opportunity to converse confidentially with some one capable of giving spiritual consolation. Firmly convinced of the necessity of complying with the requisitions of religion, disturbed alike by indefinite purposes and irresolute intentions, he at once determined, with a kind of *abandon* which was characteristic of him, to yield himself on this occasion to circumstances. To those who do not analyze the events of life, and look on every incident that occurs only as an effect produced by natural causes, or are so fettered down to the dull clods of earth that they can not understand the meaning of faith, Mr. Beverly's visit would have been looked on as well-timed and quite apropos; for he had scarcely entered the silent temple when the aged and saintly man, who was in the habit of spending several hours daily there, glided across the sanctuary, and, after making an act of adoration to the Majesty who dwelt in the tabernacle, he arose, and, passing out, knelt near his confessional, patiently waiting for any penitent soul who might need his spiritual services. God has given his angels charge over us, and, in the still, quiet hour of dreams, in the haunts of men, on the hills or in the lonely dells of the forest, they linger beside us, and we, without thinking of it, converse with them in happy thoughts, while they, guarding their trust from the charm and influence of the serpent SIN, in that mysterious language which alone spirit can utter to spirit, whisper holy words which lead to holier impulses, until the soul is led repenting back to GOD.

Here, through winter's cold and summer's fervid heat, came the holy man for the same pious purpose; and if some poor soul but half repentant was haply induced to embrace the opportunity offered, and begin the first humble acts of a new life by entering the tribunal of penance, he felt more than rewarded for all the pains and inconvenience attendant on this duty. Many had entered that sacred place, world-weary and bruised in spirit, without a purpose except to find a place to weep unseen, and bow their heads in anguish where the cold eyes of the unfeeling could not turn their leaden gaze on their sorrows, who, seeing this indefatigable priest of God kneeling like an angel guide between themselves and heaven, have been induced to approach the sacred tribunal, and, while pouring forth the sins that mingled with their grief-worn story, received from him the human sympathy they so much needed, and the wise reproof, tempered with consolatory advice, while their spirits, softened and subdued by divine influences, listened with humble hope and undisturbed faith to the words of consolation which the sentence of absolution conveyed to them. Those have gone forth calm and resigned, and laid down their heads at night in peace, feeling assured that, for duties humbly and with a proper spirit complied with, the blessing of God would rest on them. Mr. Beverly was not a man who, when he had placed his hand on the plough, to turn back, so without hesitation he walked forth, and, kneeling by the side of Father Harley, began the usual formula of confession, and, with much unhesitating simplicity of manner, commenced a rehearsal of all the sins of his past life. In this task he was considerably aided by Father Harley, who reminded and encouraged him, by many judicious questions and sacred lessons, of things which might otherwise have been forgotten.

Now he felt a tranquil satisfaction which even the innocence of childhood had never yielded; there was nothing earthly in it, for it was humble, there was nothing human in it, for it was pure. His soul was touched, the

rock was at last unsealed, and forth flowed tears of repentance, and Mr. Beverly felt for the first time the tranquillizing effects of the divinely instituted sacraments of the faith whose dogmas he had so frequently defended. The Babel world and its wild opinions had almost cheated this immortal spirit of its heritage, but it was at last true to itself, and returned to its shelter in the only true and safe fold, to go hence no more.

As Clavering continued tranquil and apparently better, Mr. Beverly yielded to the entreaties of Father Francis, and accompanied him the next evening to a Mrs. Brentwood's for the purpose of paying his respects to a distinguished prelate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop North, who was a relative of this lady's, and was now spending several days at her house. Although Mrs. Brentwood was entitled by the high respectability of her family, and the more important consideration of immense wealth, to occupy the most brilliant and conspicuous station in society, she preferred a modest and retiring elegance, and the privilege of selecting her own friends, and gathering around her a select coterie, where unassuming worth and unostentatious talent mingled with the liberal minded and wise and good from the high sphere in which fortune had placed her, and formed a nucleus of rational and intellectual enjoyment, which she did wisely in not exchanging for the enduring and petty miseries attendant on the claims of the five hundred friends which those who have the means and power that wealth and station bestow are sure to be blessed with. In comparison with others more pretending, she was unknown in the world of fashion, but where the cry of the distressed burthened the ear with sadness, and the tears of the unfortunate flowed in silent bitterness, or where the want-stricken suffered for bread, or the shivering poor for raiment, Mrs. Brentwood's voice was a well known and welcome sound, and a glance at her noble and benevolent face conveyed certain promise to the needy that comfort was near. Among these the means which many others spent in fashionable follies, was discreetly expended, and, while attentively learning lessons which the unselfish spirit of her religion taught her, she made "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and laid up for herself treasures where moth can not corrode, neither thieves break through and steal. Such was the character of Mrs. Brentwood, and, as Father Francis and Mr. Beverly entered her elegantly furnished drawing room, the walls of which were covered with unmistakable paintings of the old schools, and filled with rare works of taste and art, while soft shaded lamps threw a pleasant light over the rich hangings and immense mirrors, they discovered three PERSONAGES seated around a mosaic table in unreserved and social conversation, and Mrs. Brentwood, who was standing at the upper end of the room surrounded by several ladies of distinguished appearance, immediately stepped forward and received them, and expressed, in her own peculiarly quiet manner, and in sincere language, her pleasure at seeing them. Mr. Beverly was duly presented to the distinguished guests present, and to show how decidedly he had determined to conform in all things to Catholic practices, when Father Francis knelt to receive the blessing of Bishop North, he immediately followed his example. The little circle, now enlarged, drew up again around the table, and an interesting conversation ensued, marked by all that polished wit, and those learned though not tedious discussions which always characterize the intercourse of gentlemen and scholars. Mr. Beverly was particularly pleased with the manners and sentiments of an English gentleman of distinguished birth and talents, who, travelling as an observer as well as tourist, dispensed with his title and rank, being too much and too long accustomed to the adventitious circumstances attendant on them at home to need the suffrages of republican opinion abroad. A gentleman in feelings as well as position, refined and liberal in his nature, it is not remarkable that all that was good and pure in the government and condition of the country should have claimed his commendation, while, although he could not possibly overlook certain abuses and much want of refinement among a people whose more substantial demands as a young republic necessarily excluded it, found more agreeable topics for the pages of his journal than the unconscious swine, or the great variety of extraordinary phenomena attendant on the use of tobacco. Mr. Beverly had heretofore seen Father Francis only as the ministering spirit of the sick room, or the indefatigable friend and instructor of the poor, and teacher of pious and simple lessons to the ignorant, and was now as

much surprised as delighted to see him distinguished among the learned as a man of letters. If Mr. Beverly had looked on him with admiration and reverence while discharging the duties of his sacred office, he now thought he had never before seen him in his proper element, for without that *little* ambition to shine which more frequently than otherwise defeats its own object, he was the centre of conversation, and his opinions were not only listened to with pleasure but respect. Among those kindred spirits the hours were gliding too rapidly past. Mrs. Brentwood and one or two ladies now joined the circle, not, as they said, to interrupt but to listen, "and there is only one question, bishop, that we will annoy you with," remarked one of the ladies, "and as it involves a very serious dispute between Mrs. Brentwood and myself, I am very sure your charity if nothing else will induce you to answer it."

"It may not be in my power," replied Bishop North, smiling, "but name it, madam."

"We wish you, bishop, to set us right about the last words of Metastasio."

Bishop North, whose head reminded Clavering of some exquisitely carved old cameo, smiled and replied:

"Really, ladies, I shall have to transfer the honor you intend me to Father Francis. Had you proposed for elucidation some question in mathematics, I could have answered you perhaps, but really the 'Nine' have not favored me with either the talent or taste for poetry which he possesses, therefore I must beg that you will excuse me."

"Such honors," answered Father Francis, pleasantly, "have for several years past been so like 'angel visits, few and far between,' that my old companions, the poets, have remained undisturbed on their shelf and almost forgotten; but the subject now in question I fortunately remember, and have always considered it an exquisite gem of poetry and devotion. Shall I repeat the words, ladies, in the musical language of Metastasio's native land?"

"If you please, Father Francis," said Mrs. Brentwood; "these gems lose much of their exquisite polish by translation."

"And then," observed a lady, "for the benefit of those who do not understand the original, Father Francis will please give a translation."

"Metastasio," said Father Francis, "received the holy sacrament a short time before his last moments, and after a minute's profound silence, exclaimed, with an enthusiasm which brought the blood back to his sunken cheeks and the light once more to his dim eyes,

"'T'offro il tuo proprio figlio
Che gia d'amore in pegno
Rachiuso in picciol segno
Si volle a noi donar.
A lui rivolgi il ciglio
Guardo chi t'offro e poi
Lasci Signor se vuoi
Lascia di perdonar.'

"'*I offer to thee, O Lord! thy own Son who has already given the pledge of love enclosed in this thin emblem, turn on him thine eyes! Ah! behold whom I offer to thee, and then desist, O Lord! if thou canst desist from mercy.*'"

"Beautiful!" said Mrs. Brentwood, with tears in her eyes; "holy and sublime!"

It is one of the penalties of human enjoyment to be disagreeably interrupted, and a servant now entered and told Father Francis that a man was waiting for him below who wished him to visit a person that was dying. He immediately arose, and expressing his regrets to the lady of the house for so abruptly terminating his visit, made his adieu.

"You know, bishop," said he, "too much about the necessities of a duty like this to require an apology for leaving your society thus abruptly, so begging your blessing, I must hurry off." Mr. Beverly also excused himself, and returned to Mrs. Botelar's to spend the night by the bedside of his dying friend.

Father Francis left the well lighted and luxurious rooms, the society of congenial minds and the interchange of intellectual thought, to venture forth in the night, which had clouded over and grown stormy, he knew not whither, for the man who came to guide him was sullen, and to his query replied:

"We had better be quick; the woman will be dead before we get there, and the child too."

"What is the matter with the persons of whom you speak, friend?" inquired Father Francis, mildly, "and whom do you mean by woman and child?"

"I mean my wife and child, and the matter is that they are dying of *starvation;* will that satisfy your curiosity?"

"Poor man," thought he, "you without

doubt know the bitter meaning of want." "Friend," said he, aloud, "we are near my house. Stop an instant with me; there is a cloak and one or two things which it is necessary for me to take with me."

"We shall be too late," said the man, surlily.

"Just one moment," said Father Francis as he entered the house by means of a small secret key which he always carried, that he might not disturb his old housekeeper when he came in late at night from sick visits, "I will return immediately."

He entered his room, and, throwing a dark serge cloak around his shoulders, and consigning a flask of wine and a small loaf of bread to a capacious pocket in its side, again hurried out to join his sullen guide, and at a rapid pace they now breasted the storm of wind and rain which beat in their faces. Far down in the city, in a dark and intricate court which led into a secluded alley almost choked with mud and litter, he conducted him. The few frame houses in it were blackened with age, and would have fallen except for the props which supported their tottering beams. A sickly light streamed at intervals across the dreary scene, making its horrors more apparent, and from one or two open doors sounds of drunken revelry came forth disturbing the night, while from some den of a garret cries of distress and shrill curses burdened the air with discordant noise. No friendly watchman of the night, crying the hour beneath a well trimmed corporation lamp, was there to awe the brawlers into silence; and with voluble and unchecked fierceness the shameless tongues of women now joined the chaos of blasphemous sounds with words that caused the cheek of virtue to blanch with dismay. For an instant, and an instant only, Father Francis shrunk from his painful task, and thought with regret of the scenes of peace and refinement he had just now left, and had he followed the natural impulses of his own pure nature, he would that moment have left this ungenial and polluted atmosphere, and returned to the sanctuary of his home, but the "still, small voice of duty," and that spirit of utter renunciation of self which belongs so exclusively to the Catholic priesthood, and which counts all things as nothing for the sake of Christ, urged him on; so whispering a prayer for aid, and feeling that the protection of God was still around him, his step became once more firm, and, conscious of acting as the example of the meek and lowly Jesus had taught him, he hastened along to offer consolation to the unfortunate creature who was perishing soul and body for the want of some one to minister to her necessities, and no matter how vile the circumstances that surrounded her, or however stained her past life had been, her spirit, lingering on the brink of death and uncheered by the view beyond, had sent forth its cry to him, and the case being thus extreme, he felt the greater necessity for responding promptly to it. They now stopped before a ruinous looking hut, and the man pushing open what was only an apology for a door, they entered. The flickering light of a farthing candle lent a dimmer and more appalling aspect to the dilapidated room. From the low ceiling the plaster had in many places fallen away, and the rain, trickling through the roof, fell in more than one busy stream on the clay floor, while in a corner, lying on a few armfuls of straw, was extended the form of a dead child. *Poverty* and *death*, the bane and antidote of life, those two extremes of existence which are nearest heaven, had accomplished their mission, and the innocent one, emaciated to the last degree by hunger and cold, had laid her poor little head on the breast of her kind mother earth, and *died*. How calm was the settled beauty of her pallid brow through which the silent veins showed their delicate tracery! how solemn and eternal seemed the peace which rested on her still white lips! Her thin, attenuated hands had fallen gently by her side, and her feet, young though world-weary, crossed each other in everlasting repose, while over the dead one's shoulders, which were covered only by a few squalid rags, long dishevelled curls of bright hair fell like a beautiful mockery of death. The man took the candle, and, stooping over the child, laid his hand on her breast and exclaimed:

"Thank God! if there is a God, that you are out of your misery, poor little Nelly!" and then, throwing himself on a rude bench, buried his face in his hands and uttered not another word.

"The peace of our Lord be with you, my child," said Father Francis to the poor woman, who lay on her miserable bed like a fragile flower drooping beneath the winter's blast.

She started as the blessed words fell on her ears, and opening her eyes, raised them, instinct with newly awakened hopes, to his face; but she was too much exhausted to speak, and they closed heavily again, and so softly heaved up the almost spent breath from life's worn cells that Father Francis exclaimed: "Alas! poor child, am I too late?" The man heard these words; they penetrated through the morbid lethargy which despair was settling around him, and, approaching the bed with a wild haggard countenance, looked down into the pale face of his wife, and, bending over her, whispered:

"Lilly, Lilly—sir, she breathes! O for a drop of wine to restore life! but ha! ha! ha! wine for the poor, indeed! I will go out and ask the clouds to rain down gold, I believe." He was leaving the bedside when Father Francis asked him for a cup.

"A what?" inquired he, looking bewildered.

"A cup, my friend," he replied, mildly; "I have wine for your wife."

Oh!" said the man, "I often have this kind of dreams, and in them every one is offering wine and bread, but if I dream I have also to awake, and then comes—starvation."

Father Francis looked at the unfortunate man with deep commiseration, but, finding it a hopeless case to expect any assistance from him, glanced round, and, seeing a broken tumbler on a shelf, took it down, and, pouring a small quantity of wine in it, raised it to the poor woman's lips; but, finding that in her present position she could not swallow, he placed her in a more elevated and reclining posture, which change appeared to afford her great relief, and she drank with difficulty a few drops. The stimulating and refreshing fluid soon imparted a degree of warmth to her chilled and debilitated system, and, while Father Francis kindled a cheerful blaze on the hearth with a fagot or two which he found there, a genial glow slowly and gradually diffused itself through the damp, comfortless room, and she began to experience a consciousness of returning strength, which enabled her without much effort to speak in a connected manner. Her first inquiry was for her child, and, when she learned that it was dead, few but bitter were the tears she shed, and, to some kind remark of Father Francis, she replied:

"Ah! sir, I know it is right, and it would be selfish in me to grieve much, for poor little Nelly is now where want can never trouble her."

"True, my poor child," he answered; "she rests on the bosom of God, and what more, what higher honor could you have asked for her?"

"None, sir," answered the poor woman, wiping away her tears as they fell; "I would only like her body to rest beside the others in our village church yard, but that is far away, and she must be laid in charity ground among strangers now."

"Let not these thoughts disturb you," said Father Francis; I will attend to having your child decently interred."

He now gave the man a few mouthfuls of wine and a portion of bread, which he greedily devoured, and, while he was listening to poor Lilly's whispered confession, her husband sat looking with stupid astonishment as if an angel had descended to his poor abode, and finally, as the idea that human sympathy had come Samaritan-like to apply the oil of consolation to their wounds, slowly impressed itself on his mind, the iron bonds which had seemed to confine the natural sensations of his heart and mind gradually unloosed their tension, and, with a grateful and subdued spirit, he wept freely.

"Speak, sir," said Lilly after her confession was finished, "speak if you please to poor Joseph. He has never been guilty of any crime, sir, although we have many, many times wanted bread which we were too proud to beg. He was once a pious, good man."

"Joseph, my friend," said Father Francis, seating himself on the rude bench by his side, and passing his arm around his shoulders, "you have known trouble; well, think no more of the past; endure patiently the present, and trust to Almighty God for the future, and all will be well."

"I doubt it much, sir, though I thank you humbly for your kindness. It has been many a day since I heard a kind word."

"And why, my friend?"

"I was unfortunate, sir," said the man bitterly.

"Alas!" thought Father Francis, "what a bitter and sarcastic truth on the charity of the world. But Joseph," he said, "if the world frowned on you, you should then have applied

yourself more faithfully to the duties of religion."

"Perhaps so, sir. I once thought there was such a thing."

"*Once thought!* What mean you, Joseph?"

"I mean, sir, that when I began to go down hill people in the world, and of no religion, were the only ones that seemed to feel for me. The others, instead of helping me with a lift, gave me push after push, until I got to the bottom, and I began to think that religion was, after all, nothing more than a pretty humbug."

"My poor child," said Father Francis, "because a few individuals acted contrary to the spirit of their religion, and with a want of generous pity and pious duty, turned a deaf ear to your necessities, *you* should not have forsaken those holy practices which, in your misfortunes, could alone have sustained you. Religion was given us to make us humble in prosperity, and resigned in adversity, and to show on whom we ought to depend when the world withdraws its support. Let me beseech you, Joseph, to return to your duties, and God, whom you first forsook, will again receive and bless you."

"Ah, sir," said he, pointing to his dead child and weeping, "that sight almost turns my heart to stone."

"And why?" inquired Father Francis; "she is now an angel filled with the joys and plenitude of heaven. He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' our blessed Redeemer, Joseph, has secured for your child an eternity of peace. She is freed for ever from pain, hunger, cold and disease. Think not of her body, which is but dust, but think of her as she is, an angel with God."

"It may be so, sir, I can not tell. I know she is dead, and that the cruelty of the world, which, out of its abundance, could not give me bread, has been the cause of it. Oh," said he, clenching his hands, and drawing back his white lips in a perfect paroxysm of grief and indignation, "I did not beg from them; I did not want them to support me in idleness; all that I asked for was work, that I might earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and this was refused."

"You judge the world too harshly, my friend," said Father Francis mildly, "but, come with me, your wife is now strong enough to be left for a short time alone, and when we get into some public thoroughfare I will direct an undertaker to return with you and dispose of your child's body decently until to-morrow, when I will meet you at the church, and accompany it with you to the place of burial, which I will provide. And there are one or two other things which must be attended to to-night. Both yourself and wife need food, and thank God, in a city like this, money, at least, will procure it at any hour."

"And now, my poor child," he said to the woman, "God bless you. Failure in business, subsequent ill health, poverty and bereavements, you have borne meekly and without rancor, and he will reward your patience. To-morrow evening I will see you again, by which time arrangements will be made to conduct you from this horrible neighborhood."

Faithfully he kept his promises, and poor Joseph, who had been a bad manager, but had learned from that hard master, *experience*, some salutary lessons, obtained employment, and was compelled at last to acknowledge that he had judged the world quite as harshly as it had judged him. His wife regained her health, and a steady succession of employment placed them once more in plain though comfortable circumstances. . . . . The morning star hanging like an angel, far up in the shadowy depths of the sky, was returning slowly to the new born day its borrowed light, it would soon disappear, its glory would ere long be absorbed by a greater glory, it would not set, but melt away on the shining horizon, light would return to light, like a spirit redeemed and purified, returning to its native heaven. Dr. Lurbeck, who had been with Clavering during the night, now left him.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Botelar.

"None, madam, none. A few hours will terminate his existence."

Mr. Beverly had gone to apprize Father Francis that the last dread agony, which was to sever the golden threads of life, was rapidly drawing near him. It was whispered through the quiet house that he was dying, and the sleepers arose, with tears hanging on each heavy eyelid, to go in and assist once more at the solemn death sacraments. There was no perceptible change in Clavering's countenance. His pulse throbbed wearily, the finger of death

had touched the warm current, and its glowing, rose hue was fading from it for ever; the lilies of the grave already gathered, in pure beauty, about life's fountain, and, like the mists of evening, chilled its ebbing tide. Father Francis, bearing the HOLY SACRAMENT, entered the room accompanied by Mr. Beverly, and when he approached to administer, in holy communion, the "body and blood of the Lord" to him, and for a moment elevated the spotless host, saying, "Behold him, behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," Clavering, who had been for an hour speechless and helpless, gazed with eyes already lit up with beams from the spiritual world on it, and raising his hands, exclaimed in a clear, sweet tone, "I thank thee, O Lord of love, for thy boundless and undeserved mercies. I was wandering afar from thee, and thou didst recall me; I was lost, and thou didst find me; and now thou hast come to bless me with thy adorable presence, until thou shalt admit me to the light of thy unveiled countenance." . . . .

He was then anointed with the oil of extreme unction, and while every other voice present was subdued and faltering, his was clear and steady, as he responded to the soul-touching prayers and litanies of the church for his departing spirit. . . . . Through the day he lingered. He uttered but few words, and frequently slumbered, but towards evening the restlessness peculiar to persons who die of this disease became apparent, and, at his request, he was removed from his bed to the large chair where he usually reclined. Mrs. Botelar spent much time alone in the oratory. Mrs. Talmadge was there gliding gently, and moving softly about him, and whispering in tearful accents words of good cheer. The mental energies of Col. Clavering were nearly prostrated, when the truth forced itself on his mind that his son must die, and he sat for hours rigid and pale, like one under the influence of catalepsy. His mother stood alone by his side, woman-like, suffering and enduring, and the poor Irishman, Barney, who had been faithful in his attendance at the door of the sick room every day, happy if he could but catch a glimpse of his benefactor's face, now entered, treading as softly as a child, and approaching him, knelt at his feet, and kissed his hand, and said imploringly, "Bless me, sir!" He reached forth his hand gropingly, like one in the dark, and laid it tremblingly on his head, praying that the blessing of Almighty God might rest for ever with him. No sound was heard throughout the house, except the almost noiseless closing and unclosing of doors, and occasionally the hollow sound of the muffled knocker, as persons called to inquire after the invalid.

"Beverly," said Clavering, "you have blessed my last hours, friend, in your compliance with the demands of your conscience and religion. You have at last partaken of that banquet in which our beloved Lord gives us himself. When next you receive this heavenly food, you must remember my departed soul. We have loved each other in life, henceforth, after death, our intercourse will be spiritual, but not less profitable."

Again the shadows of the long, last sleep fell around him, and a deep slumber stole over him. Night wore on, and with the dark hours came sullen storms which howled and held high revelry in the upper air, and scattered gloom and dismay through the deserted streets of the city. "Mother!" said Clavering, awaking.

"My child!"

"I have dreamed, mother!"

"Of what, my darling? smiles are on your countenance; of what have you dreamed, my child?"

"In my dream I was wandering through the depths of a gloomy and intricate forest, and impelled by supernatural influences, followed the footsteps of an unknown guide. Night closed over us at last, and on every side I heard the hissing of serpents, and unholy words from evil phantoms who thronged around us, and I clung affrighted to the arm of my guide. 'Fear not,' he at last said, 'the danger is past. Behold, here we rest, and pointed to a door in a rock, which, when he touched it, flew back, revealing within a spacious building with arches, pillars and aisles, hewn out of the solid granite. With a feeling of gratitude and security, I naturally turned to glance at the gloomy road which we had traversed, and lo! a light as intense as the sun, but not larger than the evening star, gleamed afar off, throwing a long vista of radiance through those dreary shades. 'Behold,' said my guide, 'what dost thou see?' I

looked again intently, and now in the distance discerned an altar, which the sharp contrast between light and darkness had prevented my seeing until now, that my eyes, more accustomed to it, and less dim, beheld not only the altar, but, resting on it, in a halo of glory, the holy sacrament. 'Ah!' said I, rejoicing, 'that beam which throws its angel hue through yon frightful gloom is the immaculate victim of our redemption clothed in the white veil of the sacred host!' 'And I,' said my guide, 'am thy guardian angel;' and he instantly shone like the sun, and unfolding his golden wings, which dazzled my earthly eyes, said, 'yon spotless Lamb,' and he signed himself with the sign of faith, and bowed his glorious head to the earth, 'hitherto concealed from you, except by faith, throughout our gloomy way, smiles thus from the altar of propitiation on earth to give you a fortaste of the ravishment of his presence, and the ineffable light of his enduring smile, when you shall have passed within this silent mansion, and through yon long dim aisles, to the open portals which admit you where the glory of the Lord will for ever shine around you.' Mother! my eyes still glimmer with the reflection of that ecstatic sight, my heart feels strangely moved; lay your hand on it, it throbs like a prisoned thing, beating its wings against the bars of its cage, inpatient to be free."

"Beloved child," said Mrs. Clavering, trying in vain to restrain her tears, "ere long thy angel guardian will surely conduct thee to the silent mansions, but thou wilt soar beyond these to repose for ever in the mercies of thy Lord."

"Tears, mother? Rather rejoice, and, while my eyes slowly close in death, chaunt with exultant voice the Te Deum for the body which will rest, and the soul which puts off its vestments of mortality to win eternal life."

"My soul rejoices with thine, my child, but nature, while she regards thy desolate home and our lonely age, has nothing left but sadness and tears."

He would have spoken, but the twilight shadows of the grave gathered around his vision, and as its chilling influence breathed on him, the flame of life quivered fitfully. He reclined motionless on the pillows which supported him. His hands, clasping a crucifix, reposed on his breast. His eyes, beautiful in death, were filled with an expression of triumphant faith. Mrs. Clavering knelt beside him. Even the agony of a mother's heart was awed into silence as it contemplated the gradual passing of an immortal soul from the bonds of flesh into the presence of its God. Mrs. Botelar and Alice approached and knelt near him. Col. Clavering, who had been watching the countenance of every one, perceiving this movement, judged truly that the closing scene of life was at hand, and with faltering steps approached, and, standing for a moment, gazed on him in insupportable agony, and, lifting his hands and eyes heavenward with deprecating glance, uttered groans which smote on the ears of those who heard them with a meaning of heart-rending import.

There is one of whom we have not yet spoken who had come at the first intimation of his extreme danger to look once more on those features which in the bright days of yore had been so beloved. A simple white robe confined around the waist by a ribbon of the same spotless hue formed her dress, while over her pale forehead the waving masses of her dark auburn hair were braided Madonna like. Her face was as colorless and pallid as his she watched. There was no cross on her bosom, no rosary depended from those thin white fingers which wandered like a minute watch to press the brow of the dying man, and while others knelt to sanctify by humility and prayer the close of life, she alone stood. This was Isadora.

Without the storm raged wildly, the stars were no more seen in their tranquil glory, torrents of rain and sleet dashed with furious might against the quivering casement; all was dark, gloomy and terrific without, but within the strife of this elemental war was unheard by the dying. Life's conflict, its storms, its tears, its agonies were well nigh past; ah! yes, and though the outer world was dark and night's jewels veiled their glistening brows behind the shadows of the storm, around his way a star of ineffable glory was shining, the "winter was passing away and flowers were beginning to appear in the land."

"Mother," he whispered, "mother."

"My child, my beloved one, how is it with you!"

"At the foot of the cross, at the foot of the cross, mother," he whispered; "but tell me how is this; the heavens glow around me; I

know not now where I am. Are you near me, mother?"

His mind wandered; the mists of death confused for an instant the essence of life with that of eternity; they were merely gliding past each other, one to the dust, the other to the unapproachable splendors of immortality.

"Father," he said, in a clearer and firmer tone, "I forsake thee only for the love and service of our Father in heaven, nought else, my father. Ah! mother, he spurns me and turns away; he forgives me not; go to him."

"Lord God!" exclaimed Col. Clavering, "I deserve it all. Louis—Louis—but, alas! he knows me not."

The dying young man closed his eyes and seemed to sleep; a change was passing over him; a slight tinge mantled his cheeks, and his breath became quick and difficult; the mist had passed away from his spirit, and he now raised his eyes, beaming with sweet and resigned patience, towards heaven.

"Father," he said, "raise me in your arms." Dying men, it is said, have their fancies; his was to lean his head on the bosom of that parent, that they who had been separated and endured such silent agonies in life might bless each other in sweet hope and forgiving love at the portals of the tomb.

While he lay reposing his head like an innocent child on the breast of his father, whose embracing arms closed fondly around him, Father Francis entered the room, and, kneeling by his side, encouraged and cheered him with heavenly promises as he walked beneath the shadow of death. Silent he lay, easy and more tranquil, while fainter and fainter throbbed the pulses of life; the soul was gradually absorbing the last remaining drop of that principle which imparted vitality to its tenement of clay.

"Can it be? can it be?" he whispered, raising his now sightless eyes upwards; "am I yet on earth? are those sounds that steal around me so softly the echoes of heaven, and those beams of light shining, floating, gathering around me, what mean they?" The spirit thus basking in those celestial visions imparted a hue of unearthly beauty to his death-cold features. His lips move; we hear not the words—but listen; again he whispers almost inarticulately, and we can distinguish the holy names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; and while, with a last effort of expiring nature, he clasped his crucifix closer to his breast, his gentle soul passed away without a pang into the presence of its God. . . . . .

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It was night, and the waters of the old Rappahannock were once more bright with reflected light. It was a strange sight, those boats floating lazily on the tide, with long blazing torches at their bows, and filled with men who scarcely spoke one to another, and wore on their faces looks of such sad expectation. Along the shore more than a hundred negroes sat or stood in groups, and, by the red light of their rosin wood torches, many a bronzed cheek might be seen wet with tears. Not a word was uttered, but with strained eyes they looked out on the dark waters beyond, and with strained ears listened for the first sound of dashing oars. No sound was heard except the waves which softly splashed against the pebbly shore, and the distant howl of the chained house-dogs whose instincts informed them that no common event had caused them to be thus deserted. The far off sounds of a tolling bell now came swelling along the waters, and ere long the continuous dash of paddles announced the near approach of a steamboat. On she came, swinging slowly round the point of wood lands which had concealed her lights from those in the boats and on shore, and, while the boats were rapidly rowed beyond the channel, she hove too. On her deck beneath a rich velvet pall reposed the body of the heir of Blenheim Forest. It had returned to claim its hereditary title to a resting place in the family vault of the Claverings.

"Ease away there; ease off the ropes; steady all hands, steady," exclaimed a deep-toned manly voice as the coffin was slowly lowered and settled on the thwarts of the boat which had been prepared for its reception, with a hollow and lumbering sound. Between the oar-locks in each side three upright torches were blazing, and by their light the white cross on the velvet pall gleamed out in bold and pure relief. Col. Clavering and Father Francis sat in the stern. Mrs. Clavering, Mr. Beverly and Isadora followed in another boat, and slowly and solemnly the funeral train moved with the measured stroke of oars to the shore. When the family servants recognised the shrouded coffin of their beloved master and friend, their emotion could be restrained no

longer, and, while many of them in their eagerness to approach it dashed wildly out into the waters, they all uttered lamentations whose mournfulness can more easily be imagined than described. Sad was their farewell, more sad and heart-touching the welcome on his return. The doors which had closed on him in life now opened wide to receive him dead. Through the favorite haunt in which we first saw him his body was borne by eight gentlemen, and in that drawing-room which, when the young heir was last in it, rung with music, mirth, and gladness, they laid him down silently amidst their tears.

Col. Clavering, Father Francis, and Mr. Beverly watched through the night beside him, and day had scarcely dawned when Mrs. Clavering, exhausted in body and bruised in spirit, came there also to weep. The coffin lid was turned back. His face, unchanged, was beautiful in death. She pressed her lips on his icy brow and leaned her cheeks on his, and, clinging to the coffin, called on him in frantic accents. Those who had loved him in life and had come to gaze on him for the last time ere he was concealed for ever from them, were unmanned by this touching scene, nor strove to hide the tears which streamed over their cheeks or repress the sobs that caused each manly chest to heave with sincere emotion. ..... He was buried according to the solemn ritual of the faith in which he died. .....

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Several years after these events, a sudden and violent storm was wildly rushing through one of the difficult mountain passes in Italy, and a carriage containing three travellers was placed in a situation of extreme peril; for the horses, frightened and unmanageable, had become entangled in the traces, and, in seeking instinctively to extricate themselves, had by their violent exertions dragged the carriage over a fallen tree and broken the springs. The horses continued to plunge and start so wildly that the postillions could scarcely control them, and it was only after repeated and dangerous efforts that the travellers were enabled to leave their perilous situation and take shelter beneath the overhanging rocks where they were still exposed to the violent peltings of the tempest. Night was coming on, the storm increased in violence, and their situation was becoming every moment more appalling, when the sound of an Ave Maria bell tolling at no great distance assured them that they were within reach of aid from some friendly convent, and, preceded by their guide, they followed the sound and soon perceived the lights gleaming from its windows which directed them immediately to its gates. It was the monastery of ——, and they were instantly admitted within the portals, and received by the superior with the utmost kindness and hospitality, who conducted them with words of sincere welcome into the parlor, which was soon made comfortable for the wet and weary travellers. Fruits, wheaten cakes and wine were placed before them, to which truly southern fare they did ample justice. The superior left them to accompany the religious to the chapel to perform the usual evening office, but before retiring came in to see that every thing was arranged for the comfort of his guests, and say good night.

"I perceive," said he to the travellers, "that you are English."

"No, father superior, we are Americans!"

"Americans! how fortunate! There is an American gentleman who completed his theological studies, and was ordained a year ago in Rome, who will be received into our order to-morrow morning, and, if you please, I will send a lay brother to conduct you to the chapel to witness the reception." They expressed their pleasure and thanked him for their considerate kindness.

On the following morning the melodious tones of an organ, subdued and sweet, as they stole from the distant chapel through the corridors and passages of that ancient house, aroused the travellers from the deep sleep into which previous exhaustion and fatigue had thrown them. Making a hasty toilette, they accompanied the lay brother, who had been patiently waiting for them, to the chapel. From their devout manner, it was no difficult task to comprehend, at once, the creed they professed. The postulant, who was seated in front of the altar in the sanctuary, started, as his eyes fell on the features of the gentleman of the party, who was equally astonished when he recognised in him a familiar face. These were *Col. Clavering* and *Mr. Beverly!*

Mrs. Clavering and Isadora knew him at a glance, and it was with much effort that they controlled their emotion. The last time they had seen him he was weeping over the re-

mains of one who was dear to both. A warm flush passed over Mr. Beverly's countenance when he recognised them, but it soon faded, and left his face pale and subdued as before, nor did he again raise his eyes during the ceremony. . . . . They requested to see him before they left the monastery, and awaited with some anxiety for his appearance, *but he came not*, and the superior handed Mrs. Clavering a small package, which, on being opened, was found to contain an exquisitely painted miniature of her deceased son, and a brief note containing these words: "I return to you, as its proper owner, the last and most cherished memento of that world from which I am for ever separated. It reminded me too constantly, and with too many regrets, of its beloved original. In the celebration of the holy mysteries the soul of my departed friend is daily remembered by me, also those whom he loved on earth. Thus only do I wish to be reminded of the past. Pray for Brother Ignatius." . . . . . .

Col. Clavering did not long survive his return from Italy, and now sleeps beside his child. Mrs. Clavering and Isadora, in the fervent practice of the duties of religion and charity, like Mr. Beverly, try to forget the past. Mrs. Botelar died, full of years and honors, a few weeks after seeing the gentle Alice united to the eldest son of Mrs. Brentwood, who is now a distinguished member of the Maryland bar. Mrs. Talmadge may still be seen perseveringly seeking out the needy and distressed, through rain and sunshine, heat and cold; she still, regardless of self, administers in person to their wants. The tranquillity of Father Francis' life has been interrupted by many cares; its uniform and quiet routine was disturbed by a communication from Rome, which placed, unsolicited, a MITRE on his head. Father Harley, the measure of whose days was filled up with humility and good works, sleeps the sleep of death.

In a business part of the city a sign may be seen over the door of a neat and well-filled grocery establishment, on which is painted, in modest characters, the name of B. O'Callan, and from the evidences of industry and thrifty management about it, we infer that our old friend Barney is not only in prosperous circumstances, but a living illustration of the fact that piety, integrity, and virtue meet their reward sometimes even on earth.

THE END.

OUR COLONIAL BLUE LAWS.

ARTICLE II.

HERETICS, QUAKERS, AND WITCHES.

I. *The* BLUE LAWS OF NEW-HAVEN COLONY, *usually called Blue Laws of Connecticut;* QUAKER LAWS OF PLYMOUTH AND MASSACHUSETTS; BLUE LAWS OF NEW YORK, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, AND SOUTH CAROLINA. FIRST RECORD OF CONNECTICUT; *interesting extracts from Connecticut records; cases of Salem witchcraft; charges and banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c.; and other interesting and instructive antiquities. Compiled by an Antiquarian.* Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany & Co. 1838. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 336.

II. THE CODE OF 1656; *being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut: also, the Constitution, or civil compact, entered into and adopted by the towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield in* 1638–9. *To which are added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New-Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws.* Hartford: Judd, Loomis & Co. 1836. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 119.

FOR two things were the good pilgrim fathers especially remarkable: their hatred of heresy, and their mortal aversion to witches. Wo to the bold man who, during the good old days of Puritanism in New England, dared to think for himself in matters of religion, if, while enjoying this privilege, he unfortunately differed in opinion from the ma

jority then wielding power! Wo to him if he chanced not to be orthodox, that is, not so rigidly Calvinistic as his brethren! He was sure to become the victim of a most relentless persecution; and, if he escaped with sound ears, or an unbored tongue, or even with his life, he might deem himself a very lucky man. And as to the luckless wizard who, at that *enlightened* period, dared wave his mystic wand of incantation; or the haggard old witch, who, toothless and lustreless, and mounted on her broom-stick, ventured to perform her stated aerial evolutions, "to sweep the cobwebs from the sky;" they were placed entirely without the pale of society; they were outlawed, and no more mercy was shown them than to the very imps of Satan, who, it was devoutly believed, bodily inhabited their persons!

The pilgrim fathers were certainly excellent heresy-hunters. They could detect the lurking infection in a twinkling. They could discover beams in the eyes of their neighbors, in which others, less keen-sighted, could scarcely have discovered motes. And as for witchcraft, they could scent it from afar, probably in consequence of the strong odor of brimstone which it usually gave out; and they could tell, to a nicety, its exact symptoms and *diagnosis*, with as much facility and certainty as the physician can tell the disease of his patient by feeling his pulse and examining his tongue. But, unlike the skilful physician, and like the empiric, they had but one remedy for the cure of the malady; a remedy, however, at once very simple and very efficacious, the halter. This medicine was never known to fail in effectually subduing the most obstinate case of witchcraft.

It would, indeed, appear that the Puritans who peopled New England should have learned some mercy and toleration in the severe school of suffering in which they had been trained up in *Protestant* England. It would seem that, having felt the smart of the rod of persecution on their own shoulders, they should have been very slow in applying it to the shoulders of others. Having emigrated to a new world for the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of religious liberty; having braved, for this high and noble motive, the unknown perils of a boundless ocean, and the untried hardships and dangers of a frightful wilderness in a new world; they were surely not going to re-assert the very intolerant principle to which they had been indebted for all their trials and sufferings. They were surely not going to set up again, in a virgin hemisphere yet unstained with the blood of the martyr, that very Moloch which had consumed their fathers, and had threatened themselves with a fiery death. If they were really sincere and steadfast in their principles, they would certainly have done for ever with all kinds of persecution, no matter what the pretext for it, and would have given to the breeze the glorious banner of universal toleration and religious liberty.

But, alas for the weakness and inconsistency of poor human nature! these our reasonable anticipations are all doomed to utter disappointment, and we find the Puritans, who, in England and in Holland were the loudest champions of unchecked liberty of conscience, become themselves, *immediately* after their arrival in America, the most stern and relentless persecutors! We find them setting up on our continent that very principle of church and state in which all their wrongs had originated, and lording it over the consciences of their fellow-men with as high a hand as ever the haughty church of England had lorded it over themselves! Were they sincere, were they honest in all this? Or were they merely weak and inconsistent? Were they hypocrites, or were they mere blind fanatics? We venture not to decide. But of one thing we are quite certain—they were not the immaculate *saints* they are usually represented to have been.

The inimitable Washington Irving thus humorously hits off their canting inconsistency and hypocrisy in the matter of persecution.

"Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behooved them to show that they had become proficients in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or hanging divers heretical papists, Quakers, and Anabaptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of conscience*, which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion, *provided* he thought *right*, for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought *right*, it consequently followed that whoever thought differently from them thought wrong,

and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire."*

In the matter of the blue laws proper, we must award the palm of excellence to Connecticut or Massachusetts; but in the matter of scourging, branding, banishing, or hanging heretics and witches, we must certainly assign the precedency to Massachusetts. Whether it was that there were more heretics and witches in the latter colony, or that the hardy pioneers of the former had become more civilized, and their hearts softer by their greater proximity to the Indians, certain it is that the adventurous "moss troopers," who inhabited the plantations on the Connecticut river, are not recorded to have actually hung any witches or heretics, though they had laws against both, and though they more than once put both in bodily terror. On the contrary, the unadulterated and unmitigated Puritans of Massachusetts were not satisfied with mere laws on paper, or with mere empty threats; they went boldly to work to rid the country, given by the Lord "as an inheritance to his *saints*," of all the *pests* which tainted its moral and religious atmosphere by their poisonous breath. No one could be either a heretic or a witch in Massachusetts, and live. The colony was too *holy* by far for any such wretches, and they must either die the death, or seek from the savage of the unexplored wilderness that mercy which they sought in vain from their *Christian* brethren! So blind and unfeeling is bigotry!

It was thus that the famous Roger Williams was driven forth, to say nothing of the treatment of Richard Waterman, of Ann Hutchinson, and of a number of other "pestilent heretics" of Massachusetts. And what were the offences which drew down upon Roger Williams the terrible chastisement of being driven out into the wilderness in the dead of winter,† to find shelter from the savages, or to perish of hunger and cold? The following are the weighty charges preferred against him in the general court, held July 8th, 1635.

That he held these "*dangerous opinions:* 1. That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace. 2. That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man. 3. That a man ought not to pray with such, though wife, children, &c. 4. That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament, nor after meals."*

The first article was evidently the main ground of difficulty. The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams denied, that the civil magistrate had any right to punish mere religious delinquencies, or "breaches of the first table" of the commandments, embracing the duties we owe to God, unless such delinquencies should disturb "the civil peace." The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams protested against the principle of a union of church and state. The Puritans asserted the right in the state to enforce religious conformity; Roger Williams protested against that right. The Puritans triumphed, and so did Roger Williams; *they* drove him out, and *he*, when driven out, became the founder of a new colony which he moulded according to his own principles.

We subjoin the sentence of banishment pronounced against him, as a curious piece of antiquity.

"Whereas Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the church of Salem, hath broached and divulged divers *new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates*, as also written letters of defamation both of magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without retraction; it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglects to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court."†

This and many similar sentences of banishment against heretics, found on the old Massachusetts records, exhibit the stern and relentless spirit of the Puritans, a spirit worthy of all

* History of New York. Irving's works, in two volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia, 1840. Vol. i, p. 76.

† Sentence of banishment was passed on him in October, 1635; and the court *mercifully* allowed him to remain in the colony till the following spring, on condition of his not disseminating his doctrines; yet it became necessary for Williams to fly in the following January, as he learned that his accusers were about sending him to England for trial and punishment.

* Record of the court. Blue Laws of Massachusetts p. 65.

† Massachusetts records. Oct. 1635. Blue Laws &c., p. 67.

reprobation, and reproved in the following fine passage of the Protestant divine, Jortin, whom our author quotes, and of whose sentiments we heartily approve.

"To banish, imprison, starve, hang, and burn men for their religion, is not the Gospel of Christ, but the gospel of the devil. Where persecution begins Christianity ends, and if the name of it remains, the spirit is gone. Christ never used any thing like force or violence, except once, and that was to drive men *out* of the temple, and not to drive them *in*."*

But the Quakers—the poor, harmless, and inoffensive Quakers—were those who smarted most under the lash of puritanical intolerance.

"The Quakers were whipped, branded, had their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons, and were banished, upon the pain of death in case of their return, and actually executed upon the gallows." †

Yet they asked for no special privilege; they sought merely the boon of religious toleration. They could not find this boon in England, and, like the Puritans themselves, they had emigrated to the new world with the fondly cherished hope that, here at least, they might enjoy freedom of conscience. But sadly were they mistaken. The Puritans had no bowels of mercy for those who, like themselves, had fled from persecution in the old world. Towards Quakers, especially, they entertained feelings of the most deadly hatred, as the laws common to *all* the New England colonies clearly prove. Among the blue laws of Connecticut we find the following:

"18. No Quaker or *dissenter from the established worship of this dominion*, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officers.

"19. *No food or lodging* shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic."‡

But, as we have already intimated, the laws of the Plymouth colony against Quakers were the most rigid of all, and the only ones, in fact, which were strictly executed. The following are among the orders of the court assembled at Plymouth at different times in the years 1657, 1658, 1659, &c. They were copied by our author from the Plymouth records themselves.

"It is ordered by the court, that in case any shall bring in any Quaker, Rantor, or other notorious heretiques, either by lande or water, into any parte of this government, shall forthwith, upon order from any one magistrate, returne them to the place from whence they came, or clear the government of them on the penaltie of paying the fine of twenty shillings *for every weeke* that they shall stay in the government after warninge."*

In the same year it was further

"Enacted by the court and the authoretie thereof, that noe Quaker or person commonly soe called, *bee entertained by any person or persons* within this government, under the penalty of five pounds for every such default, *or be whipt*, and in case any one shall entertaine any such person ignorantly, if hee shal testify on his oath that hee knew not them to bee such, he shal be freed of the aforesaid penalty, provided hee upon his first decerning them to bee such, doe discover them to the constable or his deputy."†

October 6th, 1657, an order was passed banishing Humphrey Norton, a Quaker, from the colony, and on the 14th October following this additional law was enacted against Quakers. For atrocious cruelty it is surpassed by few documents of the kind on record in any country, Christian or pagan.

"As an addition to the late order in reference to the coming or bringing in of the *cursed sect* of the Quakers into this jurisdiction, it is ordered that whosoever shall from henceforth bring, or cause to be brought, directly or indirectly, any known Quaker or Quakers, or *other blasphemous heretiques* into this jurisdiction, every such person shall forfeit the sum of *one hundred pounds* to the country, and shall by warrant from any magistrate, be committed to prison, there to remain till the penalty be satisfied and paid, and if any person or persons within this jurisdiction shall henceforth entertaine and conceal any such Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretiques (knowing them so to be), every such person shall forfeit to the country *forty shillings for every hour's* entertainment and concealment of any Quaker or Quakers as aforesaid, and shall be committed to prison as aforesaid, until the forfeitures be fully satisfied and paid; and it is further ordered, that if any Quaker or Quakers shall presume, after they have once suffered what the law requireth, to come into this jurisdiction, every such male Quaker shall, for the first offence, *have one of his ears cut off*, and be kept att work in the house of correction till he can be sent away att his own charge; and for the second offence, *shall have the other ear cut off*, &c., and kept att the house of correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that hath suffered the law here, that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, *shall be severely whipt*, and kept at the house of correction at work, till she be sent away *at her*

* Blue Laws, &c., p. 68, note. †Ibid. Preface, p. vi. ‡Ibid. p. 122.

* Ibid. p. 13. †Ibid. p. 14.

own charge, and so also for her coming again she shall be alike used as aforesaid. And for every Quaker, he or she, that shall a third time herein again offend, THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR TONGUES BORED THROUGH WITH A HOT IRON, and be kept at the house of correction, close at work, till they be sent away *at their own charge*."*

Alas for the gallantry and the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers! If these laws, and many more of a similar nature too numerous and lengthy for quotation, be any index of their character, then shall we thank God as long as we live that we have not a drop of Puritan blood in our veins! We could not even feel easy or comfortable, were we descended from those *holy* men, with long visages and sanctimonious looks, but with cold and iron hearts steeled against humanity, who could pray as long prayers at the corners of the streets as the ancient Pharisees, or the more modern Praise-God-Bare-Bones of Cromwell's fanatical army, but who were as merciless as fanatical, and as hypocritical as any other Pharisees of them all, whether ancient or modern. Much would we prefer to be ranked with the publicans and sinners than with such *saints!*

By laws subsequently enacted, all persons under suspicion of holding the "diabolical doctrines" of the "cursed sect" of Quakers, were forbidden, under severe penalties, from meeting together for worship;† Quakers, Rantors, and all such corrupt persons could not be admitted freemen, nor be allowed to vote;‡ their books were to be seized by the public officers, and presented to the court;§ and even their horses were to be seized and confiscated to the government.‖ This last law is so curious that we must copy it entire.

"Whereas we find that, of late time, the Quakers have bin furnished with horses, and thereby they have not only more speedy passage from place to place to the poisoning of the inhabitants with their *cursed* tenetts, but alsoe thereby have escaped the hands of the officers, that might otherwise have apprehended them. It is therefore enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons whatsoever in this government, doth, or shall furnish any of them with horse or horse-kind, the same to bee forfited and seized on for the use of this government; or any horses that they shall bring into the government, or shall be brought in for them, and they make use of, shall bee forfited as aforesaid; and that it shall be lawfull *for any inhabitant to make seizure of any such horse* and to deliver him to the constable or treasurer for the use of the county."

We will conclude our rapid summary of the laws against Quakers with the following extract from the Plymouth record of 1660.

"It is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons commonly called Quakers, or any other such like *vagabonds* shall come into any towne of this government, the marshall or constable shall apprehend him or them, and upon examination, soe appearing, hee shall *whip them, or cause them to be whipt with rodds,*"* &c.

Talk of the Spanish inquisition after this! And yet these laws were not a mere dead letter, as the early history of Massachusetts abundantly proves. It appears, from the public records themselves, that the following persons were banished, after having suffered imprisonment, and probably the other terrible penalties of the law:—Humphrey Norton, Samuel Shattock, Laurence Southwick, his wife, Nicholas Phelps, Joshua Buffam, and Josiah Southwick; that William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and Mary Dyer were sentenced to death, and the two first executed; and that the treasurer was empowered to sell into slavery "to any of the English nation at Virginia and Barbadoes, Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick," because they had been either unwilling or unable to pay the fines imposed on them for recusancy.†

The Quakers loudly protested against this high-handed injustice and glaring cruelty; but their protest was either allowed to pass unheeded, or it was met with additional insult. Thus "Humphrey Norton, who was a Quaker, and who had smarted under the rod of persecution of the governor of the Plymouth patent," addressed a letter, "with care and speed," to the chief of his persecutors, upon whom, after having charged him with uttering *eight* palpable *lies*, he thus denounced the divine vengeance:

"The cry of vengeance will persue thee day and night for other men's goods, hard speeches, unrieghteouse actions which thou hast done and spoken against us and others, without and contrary to the righteouse law;... the days of thy wailing will be like unto that of a woman that murthers the fruite of her wombe; the anguish and paine that will enter upon thy reignes will be like gnawing wormes

* Ibid. pp. 14, 15. † P. 16. ‡ Ibid.
§ Ibid. p. 20. ‖ P. 33.

* P. 34. † P. 17, seqq.

lodging betwixt thy hart and liver; when these things come upon thee, and thy back bowed downe with paine, in that day and houre thou shalt know to thy grief that prophetts of the Lord God wee are, and the God of vengeance is our God."*

What reply was made to this and similar protests? The general court of Massachusetts published an elaborate "declaration," which is found spread out on the records, and in which the course pursued against the Quakers is defended by a long train of arguments copiously interlarded with texts of Scripture! The court openly defended the doctrine of persecution on the authority of Scripture! This strongly reminds us of John Calvin's famous, or rather infamous book in favor of punishing heretics, written by him expressly to vindicate his agency in the burning of Servetus! Verily the disciples were worthy of their master; but neither the one nor the other had any right even to pronounce the soul-thrilling word—LIBERTY.

But we are tired of unfolding these cruelties, and we willingly pass from the sad history of the formal and demure New England Quakers to that of the fantastic and mischief-loving New England witches! We know not upon what principle of philosophy or theology to account for the fact that witches were at that time so abundant in New England; but the fact itself we deem undeniable, at least if we are to give any credit to the testimony of the Rev. Cotton Mather, and of scores of other grave and cotemporary witnesses. Speaking of the great number of cases of witchcraft which had occurred during his time, the Rev. Cotton Mather says:

"For every one of which we have such a sufficient evidence, that no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; and *it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*"†

Another grave old chronicler, John Josselyn, gent., gives the following testimony on the same subject:

"There are none that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—*bottle-bellied witches* and others—that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report, of a shallop at sea manned with women, and of a ship and great red horse standing by the mainmast, the ship being in a small cove to the eastward vanished of a sudden,"‡ &c.

* Pp. 23-4.

† History of New England, b. vi, ch. 7. Quoted by Irving, Works, i, 119.

‡ Quoted by Irving. Ibid.

Whoever will reject these authorities must be very hard to convince indeed; and had a person so skeptical chanced to live in New England at the time of the famous trials for witchcraft, he would have been in great danger of being hung as a witch himself—that's all. We can scarcely even *guess* why it was that the witches took so remarkable a fancy to the early Yankees. Whether it was that there was some secret congeniality of feeling between the two, or that the evil one envied, and sought to mar, by his diabolical incantations, the *extraordinary sanctity* of the pilgrim fathers, we know not, but leave it to the shrewdness of our readers to divine. Perhaps the following passages from "the wonders of the invisible world," written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, exhibiting the reputed origin, the characteristic symptoms, and the fearful ravages of the New England witchcraft, may aid us greatly in coming to a right conclusion on a subject so important.

"It is to be confessed and bewailed," says this grave old Puritan minister, "that many inhabitants of New England, and young people especially, had been led away with little sorceries, wherein they did secretly those things that were not right against the Lord their God; they would often cure hurts with spells, and practise detestable conjurations with sieves, and keys, and peas, and nails, and horse shoes, to learn the things for which they had a forbidden and impious curiosity. Wretched books had stolen into the land, wherein fools were instructed how to become able fortune-tellers.

"Although these diabolical divinations are more ordinarily committed *perhaps* all over the world, than they are in the country of New England, yet that being a country *devoted unto the worship and service of the Lord Jesus Christ above the rest of the world,* (!!) he signalized his vengeance (in) these wickednesses with such extraordinary dispensations as have not often (been) seen in other places.

"The devils which had been so played withall, and it may be by some few criminals more explicitly engaged and employed, now broke in upon the country after as astonishing a manner as was ever heard of. Some scores of people, first about Salem, *the centre and first born of all the towns in the colony,* and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations upon their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining operation upon their eyes that they could see their tor-

mentors; they saw a devil of a little stature, and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances.

"The tormentors tendered to the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign it, or to touch it at least in token of their consenting to be listed in the service of the devil; which they refusing to do, the spectres under the command of that black man, as they called him, would apply themselves to torture them with prodigious molestations.

"The afflicted wretches were horribly distorted and convulsed; they were pinched black and blue; pins would be run every where in their flesh; they would be scalded till they had blisters raised on them; and *a thousand other things*, before *hundreds of witnesses*, were done unto them, evidently preternatural; for if it were preternatural to keep a rigid fast for nine, yea, for fifteen days together; or if it were preternatural to have one's hands tied close together with a rope to be plainly seen, and then by unseen hands presently pulled up a great way from the earth, before a crowd of people; such preternatural things were endured by them.

"But of all the preternatural things which these people suffered, there were none more unaccountable than those wherein the prestigious demons would ever now and then cover the most corporeal things in the world with a fascinating mist of invisibility. As now, a person was cruelly assaulted by a spectre, that she said came at her with a spindle, though no body else in the room could see either the spectre or the spindle; at last, in her agonies, giving a snatch at the spectre, she pulled the spindle away; and it was no sooner got into her hand, but the other folks then present beheld that it was indeed a real, proper, iron spindle; which, when they locked up very safe, it was, nevertheless, by the demons taken away to do farther mischief.

"Again, a person was haunted by a most abusive spectre, which came to her, she said, with a sheet about her, though seen to none but herself. After she had undergone a deal of teaze from the annoyance of the spectre, she gave a violent snatch at the sheet that was upon it; whereupon she tore a corner, which in her hand immediately was beheld by all that were present, a palpable corner of a sheet: and her father, which was of her, catched, that he might see what his daughter had so strangely seized; but the spectre had like to have wrung his hand off, by endeavoring to wrest it from him; however, he still held it; and several times this odd accident was renewed in the family. *There wanted not the oaths of good credible people to these particulars.*

"Also is it known, that these wicked spectres did proceed so far as to steal several quantities of money from divers people, part of which individual money dropt sometimes out of the air, before sufficient spectators, into the hands of the afflicted, while the spectres were urging them to subscribe their covenant with death. Moreover, poisons to the standers-by, wholly invisible, were sometimes forced upon the afflicted; which, when they have with much reluctancy swallowed, they have swoln presently, so that the common medecines for poisons have been found necessary to relieve them; yea, sometimes the spectres in the struggles have so dropt the poisons, that the standers-by have smelt them and viewed them, and beheld the pillows of the miserable stained with them. Yet more, the miserable have complained bitterly of burning rags run into their forcibly distended mouths; though no body could see any such clothes, or indeed any fires in the chambers, yet presently the scalds were seen plainly by every body on the mouths of the complainers, and not only the smell, but the smoke of the burning sensibly filled the chambers.

"Once more, the miserable exclaimed of branding irons, heating at the fire on the hearth to mark them; now the standers-by could see no irons, yet they could see *distinctly the prints of them in the ashes, and smell them too*, as they were carried by the not-seen furies unto the poor creatures for whom they were intended; and those poor creatures were thereupon so stigmatized with them, that they will bear the marks of them to their dying day. *Nor are these the tenth part of the prodigies* that fell out among the inhabitants of New England.

"Flashy people," adds the old Puritan divine, "may burlesque these things, but when *hundreds of the most sober people*, in a country where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, *know them* to be true, nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of Saducism can question them. I have not yet mentioned one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more considerate persons than can ridicule these odd phenomena."*

Verily, if all these things be true, we must admit that the demons were particularly *intimate* with the early Puritans of New England; rather more intimate, in fact, than was at all comfortable for the latter. Shrewd and calculating as were the early Yankees, the imps who played such fantastic "yankee tricks" among them, were much shrewder. Those devices of the spindle, of the sheet, and of the branding irons, in particular, were truly capital! The invisible spirits knew their trade much better than to try wooden hams or nutmegs, or to attempt the impossible task of overreaching their

* Blue Laws, &c., p. 299, seq.

friends in a bargain! Cunning tricksters were those same witches of New England!

Now, we are *Sadducees* enough to laugh at all those impostures, and also at the *Pharisees* who gave them credit and importance. But alas for the poor witches of New England! They were doomed to have other tormentors besides the spirits of the invisible world! The Puritan fathers leagued with the demons to torture them. What the "devils and the spectres" could not or would not do with their sheets and spindles, and branding irons, that the early Puritans boldly accomplished with the halter! The extermination of the witches was decreed on *earth* as a carrying out of the mischievous plot originally devised in *hell!*

Space fails us to recount all the trials for witchcraft, and all the executions which ensued, chiefly at and about Salem, in the year 1692. They are given in great detail by our author of the Blue Laws, and also by Bancroft in the third volume of his "History of the United States." We will content ourselves with a few extracts from this latter respectable historian.

"At the trial of George Burroughs, a minister, the bewitched persons pretended to be dumb. 'Who hinders those witnesses,' says Stoughton (the deputy governor), 'from testifying?' 'I suppose the devil,'—answered Burroughs. 'How comes the devil,' retorted the chief judge, 'so loath to have any testimony borne against *you?*' And the question was effective. Besides he had given proofs of great, if not preternatural muscular strength. Cotton Mather calls the evidence 'enough;' the jury gave a verdict of *guilty.*"*

At the execution of Burroughs, Cotton Mather made one of the most heartless, and almost *fiendish*, speeches we have ever chanced to read: he seemed even to exult over the imminent damnation of the convicted wizzard!† And another preacher, named Noyes, on seeing *eight persons* hung up together as witches, had the heartlessness to exclaim: "THERE HANG EIGHT FIREBRANDS OF HELL!!" Alas for the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers!

Well, the delusion at length subsided; but not until a great number of crazy, "afflicted," or innocent persons, had been sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of religious fanaticism, or rather to the senseless idol of a stupid superstition. The Rev. Cotton Mather thus coolly winds up his narrative of the New England witchcraft.

"Now upon a deliberate review of these things, his excellency (Sir William Phips) first reprieved, and then pardoned many of them that had been condemned; and there fell out *several strange things* that caused the spirit of the country to run as vehemently on the acquitting of all the accused, as it *by mistake* ran at first upon the condemning of them. In fine, the last courts that sate upon this *thorny business*, finding that it was impossible to penetrate into the whole meaning of the things that had happened, and that so many unsearchable cheats were interwoven into the conclusion of a mysterious business, which *perhaps* had not crept thereinto at the beginning of it, they cleared the accused as fast as they tried them; *and within a little while the afflicted were most of them delivered out of their troubles also;* and the land had peace restored unto it, *by the God of peace treading Satan under foot.*"*

That is, the good Puritans first hung the witches, and then found out that they were *perhaps* innocent! Shrewd jurists they, and enlightened, merciful Christians! We leave other comments on this "thorny business" to our readers; merely remarking that it ill becomes the children of the Puritans to taunt Catholics with superstition, fanaticism, or cruelty!

We conclude this paper with the following humorous passage from Washington Irving's "History of New York."

"The witches were all burnt, banished, or panic-struck, and in a little while there was not an ugly old woman to be found throughout New England—which is doubtless one reason why all the young women there are so handsome. Those honest folk who had suffered from their incantations gradually recovered, excepting such as had been afflicted with twitches and aches, which, however, assumed the less alarming aspects of rheumatism, sciatics, and lumbagoes—and the good people of New England, abandoning the study of the occult sciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus-pocus of trade, and soon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto this day, in

* Vol. iii, p. 84. † See ibid. p. 93.

* Blue Laws, &c. p. 306.

their characters—witches occasionally start up among them in different disguises, as physicians, civilians, and *divines.* The people at large show a keenness, a cleverness, and a profundity of wisdom, that savor strongly of witchcraft—and it has been remarked, that whenever any stones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is sure to tumble into New England."*

*Irving's works, vol. i, p. 120.

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

THE following verses are founded on an incident happily sketched in the *Freeman's Journal.* The crucifix is now in the possession of Mr. Lester.

WITHIN a garret at Genoa,
Full many a year I ween,
Had lain a block of ivory,
The largest ever seen.

Though wooing centuries had whiled
Its purity away,
Gaunt time had made a slender meal,
So well it braved decay.

If we may trust tradition's tongue,
Some mastadon, before
The wave kissed Ararat's tall peak,
The splendid trophy wore.

Certes no elephant e'er held
Aloft so rich a prize,
Not India's proudest jungle boasts
A tusk of half the size.

A monk obtained, and to his cell
The relic rare conveyed,
And bending o'er the uncouth block,
This monk, communing, said:

"Be mine the happy task by day,
And through the midnight gloom,
To toil, and still toil on, until
This shapeless mass assume

"The form of HIM who, on the cross,
For us poured forth his blood;
Thus man shall ever venerate
This relic of the flood.

"Though now a witness to the wrath
Of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be
The emblem of his love."

That night, when on his pallet stretched,
As slumbers o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke
Upon his ravished soul.

He sees his loved Redeemer stand
On Calv'ry's sacred height,
The crucifixion is renewed
Before his awe-struck sight.

He sees his Saviour's bruised cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
He hears his dying accents bless
A persecuting world.

That dying look of conquering love
Transports each aching sense,
Superior to agony
Its deep benevolence.

The matin bell has pealed; the monk
Starts from his brief repose;
But still before his waking eye
The vivid dream arose.

His morning orisons are paid,
His hand the chisel wields;
Slowly, before the eager steel,
The stubborn ivory yields.

The aged block is crusted o'er
With a coating, hard and gray,
But soon the hasty chisel doffs
This mantle of decay.

And now, from every blemish freed,
Upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine beauty dawns
The milk-white ivory.

The sun arose, the sun went down,
Arose and set again,
But still the monk his chisel plies:
O must he toil in vain?

Not his the highly cultured touch
That bade the marble glow,
And with a hundred statues linked
The name of Angelo.

Perchance some tiny image he
Had fashioned oft before,
But art had ne'er to him unveiled
Her closely hoarded lore.

A faithful hand, an eye possessed
Of genius' inborn beam,
Or inspiration's loftier light
Must body forth his dream.

The moon has filled her varying orb,
The moon is on the wane;
A crescent, now she sails the sky,
And now is full again.

But, bending o'er that ivory block,
The monk is laboring there,
And half his time to work is given,
And half is spent in prayer.

Four years elapsed before the monk
Threw his worn chisel by;
His task performed, before him lies
The speaking ivory.

His dream, at last, is bodied forth,
And to the world is given
A sight that well may wean the soul
From earth awhile to heaven.

The dying look of conquering love
That thrilled each aching sense,
To us, unquenched by pain, reveals
Its deep benevolence.

Behold that violated cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
Those parted lips would seem to bless
A persecuting world.

And who will chide a mortal eye
For fondly lingering there!
Memento of eternal love,
I will not check the prayer,

That springing to my trembling lips,
Its flight would upward take,
For hope and rapture at the sight
Of that dear image wake.

Has not the Gospel's sacred light
A true reflection here?
Does not the sacrifice of love
As vividly appear?

And inspiration's glowing page
Translated here, as well
As any human alphabet,
Its glorious truths can tell.

Ye who would fain my gaze prevent,
Conceal the Gospel too:
The mystery recorded there
Is here but told anew. M.

A MISSIONARY OF THE NORTH-WEST,

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,—It may not be uninteresting to yourselves and to your readers to have a short account of the labors of a most zealous missionary among the benighted children of the forest, who inhabit the shores of Lake Superior, and of a most excellent man, the Rev. Mr. Baraga. Being here, after an arduous tour of exploration over the mineral region of this wonderfully constructed country (I mean in a geological respect), where the waters of a lake, having a surface of thirty-two thousand square miles, are contained within immense dykes of trap rocks intersected with metalliferous veins of unprecedented richness, and taking notes of the condition of the *Indians*, some two thousand of whom are at present assembled at this post to receive their annuity, I could not omit making some inquiry about the efforts, and the success, of those engaged in bringing this unfortunate people into the pale of our Christian civilization. I have obtained some interesting

information from the gentlemen attached to the American board of missionaries, but more especially from the Rev. Mr. Baraga, whose individual, and almost unassisted efforts, in the midst of the most stringent privations, and with a self-denial that my worldliness can not comprehend, have achieved such happy results. It is, therefore, of the labors of this good man that I wish more particularly to write.

The Rev. Mr. Baraga is a native of Bavaria; he came over to America fifteen years ago, and, after remaining but a short time in the eastern cities, selected for his field of Christian operations the storm-beaten shores of Lake Superior. I will describe to you what I saw of his doings, and how I came to see them.

I arrived at the Sault de St. Marie on the first day of last July, and having had the good fortune, immediately on my arrival, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Ord, and of his amiable family, a number of whom I had previously known, Mrs. Ord being a first cousin of one whose memory I know is deservedly dear to a large circle of the Catholic congregation of Baltimore—the late Mrs. Luke Tiernan—I found myself at once prepared to undertake my voyage up the lake, under the most favorable circumstances. Mr. J. S. Ord is the Indian agent resident at the Sault, and was on the eve of visiting the Indian settlement at the Ance, which he was to reach by coasting the southern shores of the lake, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, in a Mackinaw boat. He was kind enough to offer me a passage in his boat, which was gladly accepted, and on the afternoon of the 3d we got under way.

It is not my intention to give you a narrative of our voyage, rendered exceedingly interesting by its novelty, and the grandeur of the scenery displayed on the lake shores. If you should desire it, I may do so some other time. I wish to talk of my venerated friend, Mr. Baraga. We reached the Ance on the evening of the seventh day, this being considered a medium passage between five and twelve days. On our arrival, as our boat bore the American flag, we were saluted by a volley of musketry from the Indians; and a similar salute was given to us on the next afternoon, upon reaching the settlement on the opposite shore. It is this settlement which owes its present condition to the Rev. Mr. Baraga. It is called the parish of St. Jesus, and numbers about one hundred and fifty resident Indians, who are all Catholics, and perhaps fifty more who worship here, though living at the Sault, where there is a Protestant mission under charge of a very amiable gentleman, Mr. Pitzell, and a government agency. There is in Mr. Baraga's settlement a fine chapel, which, I may say, he has built with his own hands. It is on a commanding situation, a short distance in the rear of a row of lodges, built of logs, floored, and divided into convenient apartments to accommodate a family decently. There are twenty-one of these lodges at present finished and occupied; some few others are in progress of construction, or nearly finished. They are laid out in a straight row; each lodge standing insulated, about one hundred yards from the bay shore, to which there is a gentle slope, upon which the Indians can haul up their canoes and leave them in perfect safety. The situation is also favorable to many domestic occupations of the women that can not be so conveniently carried on within doors, such as washing and drying their clothes, drying the fish, &c. There is also a school-house, a store, and other buildings scattered over the grounds, so as to make in all twenty-seven buildings. The site of this settlement was selected by the reverend gentleman whose name I have now frequently mentioned, not only for the beauty of its position that commands an extensive water view, and for its healthfulness, but because the lands adjoining it, and extending northerly for ten to fifteen miles, have an excellent soil, affording natural meadows that supply an abundance of grass, fine groves of sugar maple, elms, and evergreens, and, when cleared, yields plentifully in potatoes and corn, as well as most of the useful vegetables. In the wild state strawberry vines, raspberries, currants, whortleberries, and gooseberry bushes literally mat the hill-sides. There are also springs of deliciously cool water at the temperature of forty-eight degrees, which become a luxury in the summer season, when the waters of the lake along the shore are not agreeably potable. As the reverend missionary was absent when we visited the parish, I had no means of getting the most authentic information of his progress in christianizing his flock, but I had abundant evidence in the "talk," at which I was present, with the Indian agent and his interpreter, of

the great veneration and esteem in which he is held by his parishioners; for while they seemed disposed to complain, with or without reason, that they did not receive that assistance from the government officers who reside on the other side, namely, the carpenter, farmer, and blacksmith, which they had been promised; they, at the same time, ascribed their apparent improvement to the counsel and exertions of their pastor. Owing also to his absence, I had not an opportunity of attending divine service, or of witnessing any religious ceremony, to form an idea of their devotional bearing when in the chapel, which is tastefully arranged; but in the progress of my voyage up the lake, after leaving the Ance,* I had occasion to observe, in the midst, it is true, of some levity, a general observance of the forms required by our church, such as crossing oneself before meals, kneeling to pray, &c.; and once, when travelling on a Sunday, I noticed a young Indian of very decent appearance, and who could read, devoutly engaged, on his knees, in the forward part of the boat, reading over the service of the mass. In the afternoon the whole boat crew joined him, singing, in the Chippewa language, canticles to the air of some of our French canticles, with which I was sufficiently familiar to enable me to join in with them, to their evident satisfaction. On inquiring of *Urgens*, for so he called himself, whether he had not been taught them by Mr. Baraga, he seemed pleased to hear the name, and replied in the affirmative.

I did not become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Baraga until I reached Lapointe. On my arrival there, I called upon him, and introduced myself. I found an humble priest, I should judge something above forty years of age, a little broken by hardships and exposures, under a rigorous climate, to great privations; but cheerful, communicative, and stored with all that kind of information which I wanted, and which he freely gave me. Mr. Baraga is a great linguist; besides a knowledge of all the languages that are taught in Catholic seminaries of Europe, he speaks, with great correctness, the English and French, and is a perfect master of the Ojibawa dialect. He preaches to his congregations in that language, into which he has translated the Life of Christ (*Jesus obimadisiwin oma aking*), and a book of hymns and canticles from the Latin and French. I am indebted to him for a copy of his Life of Christ (*Jesus oma*).

On the 15th of August, the day of the festival of the assumption of the Virgin Mary, I attended divine service in the chapel of Lapointe. On entering the chapel, I was pleased with the simple neatness of the place, and struck with the much more than tolerable altar-piece, representing St. Joseph at work as a carpenter, the Blessed Virgin sitting in a graceful posture intent upon her sewing, whilst the infant Christ, with a really angelic countenance, seems as if occupied alternately at looking upon the work going on before him and then up to heaven—a sort of double expression, which I fancied the painter had succeeded in imparting to the Christ, though I can not describe how he did it. The perspective, too, of the back-ground of the picture is in much better keeping than is usually seen in altar-pieces destined for chapels built in the wilderness. The figures are pretty well drawn. The fault of the painting is in the profusion of colors; for, though not unpleasantly intermixed, they are too glaring, and too many.

The mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Baraga with great unction, and responded to by the congregation, composed principally of half-breeds, with much apparent devotion. The mass was served by two youths, and its principal response sung, in Latin, by three male half-breeds. During the mass, two canticles of the Blessed Virgin were introduced, which were sung in French, by the same voices. Mr. Baraga's sermon was couched in plain, intelligible language,—in French,—and explained the Catholic doctrine of the assumption, as distinguished from the ascension. The reason why the story of Martha and Mary is introduced in the Gospel of the day was also explained, in a manner that made it, even to most ordinary apprehensions, a striking and appropriate exordium to the mysteries of the incarnation. It was a good sermon, which affected me by its touching simplicity. At the afternoon service, some of the Psalms were sung in Latin, and an address was delivered by Mr. Baraga in the Ojibawa language.

* The Ance, properly so called, is the name given to an anciently established trading post of the American fur company, and is the *bottom* of Keeweena bay, which lies between *Pointe Abbaye*, as it is now written, and Keeweena Point. The length of Keeweena bay, estimated from Keeweena point, is sixty miles.

The chapel at Lapointe is also one of Mr. Baraga's *buildings*. It is, to say the least of it, *conspicuous;* for, whether one approaches or recedes from the post, its two belfries are the most prominent objects. Seen from the "Détour," amidst the beautiful group of islands, known collectively as the "Douze Apostres," so called, because their first Christian observers—the Jesuits—supposed them not to exceed that number; whereas it is now ascertained that there are twenty-three, of which nineteen have been named—they always present a grateful beacon to the "voyageur." For this and other considerations, Lapointe deserves a special mention.

Lapointe is the south-west extremity of Madeline island, the largest of the group previously designated as the "Twelve Apostles." It is the location of the agency for the American Fur Company in charge of Dr. Borup, under whose hospitable roof I had the good fortune to find most comfortable quarters during my sojourn on the island. It is also at Lapointe that the annuity is paid to the Chippewa Indians who inhabit the southern shore of Lake Superior and those east of the Mississippi. On such occasions they assemble here to the number of from two to four thousand men, women, and children, and afford to the voyager an excellent opportunity of studying some of their habits and customs, whilst they exhibit in themselves the crude materials upon which the missionary has to operate in his labor of civilization. At first sight, the case would be deemed hopeless; yet with perseverance something has been achieved, and principally by the Catholic missionaries. The half-breeds are nearly all Catholics. These half-breeds, some of whom reside at Lapointe, compose Mr. Baraga's congregation, together with a few Canadians, all in the employ of the agency. Dr. Borup, his family and connections, worship in the Protestant meeting-house, which is served by the gentlemen belonging to the "American Board of Missionaries," who reside at what is termed the "mission house." The settled civilized population of Lapointe may be about two hundred; whilst the Indian agent informs me that the Lapointe band of Indians numbers seven hundred souls. Few of these have lodges in the village, but are scattered on the opposite mainland, at the entrance of the rivers that empty into the lake. Their occupation consists in hunting and fishing; some have potatoe patches, few plant corn, and this is the occupation of the women, who have also the charge of making the maple sugar and gathering the wild rice. The great quantity and variety of wild berries which they dry, also furnishes them a resource for their winter supplies. Generally speaking, however, they are found to be improvident, and, when visited by an inclement season, are reduced to the greatest extremities. The American Fur Company have trading posts at several points on the lake where supplies are furnished through the winter in exchange for furs.

The geographical position of Lapointe is in latitude forty-six degrees, forty-four min. north —longitude, ninety-one degrees west. Its harbor faces the south-west, and is about four miles from the southern coast of Lake Superior. It is very capacious, and effectually protected from all winds but the south-west, and this is seldom tempestuous. The anchorage is said to be every where good, admitting vessels of all drafts. It can be entered by two passes—the south pass, which is along the bar that closes the bay of Chagwamagon, and the north pass, which, on its approach, presents a beautiful cluster of islands around and between which the navigation is perfectly unobstructed. The position of Lapointe then, with its magnificent bay bathing the shores of the highlands on the southern coast of the lake that are covered with a dense forest of evergreen, and its other more practical accessories, seem to bespeak it a future mart of some commercial interest, in the midst of a region where new resources are yearly developed. At present its dependence is altogether on the fur trade, the fisheries of the company having been for the present abandoned.

All the residents of Lapointe, and some who were formerly denizens for varying number of years and for various causes, agree in representing this lake country as remarkably healthful, and the climate delightful, notwithstanding the length of the winter and the low degree to which the mercury of the thermometer sometimes descends. On a meteorological register for four months of the year 1843, which I have copied, I find the coldest day recorded there to be the 18th of February, when the thermometer sank down to twenty-seven de-

grees below zero. February is invariably the coldest month, and Dr. Borup informs me that, in this month of the year 1838, the thermometer went down to forty-five degrees. Yet the Dr. assures me, and others here confirm it, that he has known many cases, one in his own family, of approaching consumption entirely cured by a sojourn of one year at Lapointe. Not doubting the fact, I sought to find out the reason of it by discussing some meteorological journals and registers kept by Dr. Borup, and which he obligingly put at my disposal. I found the most striking peculiarity in the thermal condition of this climate to be the little variation that takes place between sun-rise and sun-down. This I take, at random, one week in December, 1839.

	M.	N.	E.
8th Sunday,	30deg.	35deg.	31deg.
Monday,	26	29	24
Tuesday,	28	30	24
Wednesday,	28	31	29
Thursday,	27	31	28
Friday,	17	19	18
Saturday,	26	29	25

This freedom from sudden transitions of temperature, is doubtless the cause why all the inhabitants of this place agree in saying that they suffer no bodily inconvenience during the longest winters; it also accounts for the favorable impressions made upon diseased lungs.

But to return to Mr. Baraga; I have been a witness to the zeal with which this good man carries out his mission of charity and good works, and I hope there is no indiscretion in my telling upon him. During the sojourn of the Indians here for the "payment," their whole camp may be said to have been a large hospital; there being scarcely a wigwam under which there were not some afflicted in one way or another. The prevailing complaints were diarrhœa and cough, and, towards the close of the campaign, scarlet fever and mumps. The attentions of Mr. Baraga to the afflicted were incessant. I watched him, in his rounds, that were regular, and oftener repeated, perhaps, than would be those of an attendant physician in one of our hospitals, just as successful, and doubtless more consolatory. I hope I may be excused for saying that I had a chance of contributing my mite in this service; for, having been consulted in some few cases when I had the means with me of affording relief, I soon acquired among the Indians the title of *Mushkiki-inini*, or medicine man, by which I won from them some kind feelings that have been of use to me. Mr. Baraga's services were not, like mine, confined to their relief by medicines. He administered to their spiritual diseases with more effect than I had imagined possible, and obtained results that I would not have ventured to anticipate. I saw him kneeling at the foot of a coffin, whilst a whole family of Indians united in prayer with him. What if there were a few stupidly gazing on irreverently, mixing the smoke of their pipes with that of the censer, or some careless young men playing at cards and dolling out their monotonous *yal-ah-ah-ah*, or, more disgustingly still, some old sinners carousing over a pan of dog-soup, the good priest was performing his duties as he understood them to be, with a humility and fervor that won the affections of every civilized spectator. As yet, however, all expostulations have failed to drive away from among the Indians their resource in sickness to the *Bwin-ah-keck*, which is drummed in the ears of the dying savage to the great annoyance of those around. And all that I could say did not shake their confidence in the worthless contents of their *Gushkibitagun*, or medicine bag.

I hope you will offer up some prayers for the increased success of the Rev. Mr. Baraga's missionary labors, for the preservation of his health and the prolongation of his valuable life.

I remain, gentlemen, with sentiments of regard and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

J. T. Ducatel.

Lapointe, Lake Superior, Aug. 18, 1845.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

O say not the grave quenches charity's flame;
  'Tis undying as He who is love;
Unmindful of death, the torch burneth the same,
From the heavens its holiest influence came,
  And it follows the spirit above.

The friends we here cherished love still in that land,
  Though we see them no more, save in dreams;
Though far above earth's gloomy shadows they stand,
Their benevolent aid we may always command,
  Till clad in their heavenly beams.

The prayer of the heart-stricken mourner below
  May follow his friend to the sky;
It may plead with the Lord till he bids his light flow
Upon the regions of banishment, sorrow and wo,
  Where the soul in atonement doth lie.

That soul, though forgiven, still weareth the stains,
  When it leaves this sad valley of tears,
Of the strife of the world, where it wandered afar,
Too often turned backward, or thrown 'mid the war
  Of passion, of hopes and of fears.

None but those in white garments can dwell with the Lord,
  None but those can enjoy his sight;
'Tis the office of love then to aid by its prayer
The suffering spirit, till, glorious and fair,
  It dwells 'mid the angels of light.

Thus charity liveth for ever unchanged,
  A ladder let down from above,
Where affection's fond pleadings, like angels, may be,
Mine ascending to them, theirs descending to me,
  An unbroken communion of love.

V.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—The learned Barnabite, Father Ungarella, teacher of Hebrew to Rosellini, and his pupil in hieroglyphic science, died at Rome on the 22d of August, after a long illness of apoplexy. His loss is, on many accounts, to be deplored, but especially on account of the projected, and already far advanced edition of the *Museo Gregoriano Egizio*, which will now be delayed probably for some time.

ENGLAND.—*Winchester.—Hospital of St. Cross.—Ancient and Modern Charity.*—(From the *Hampshire Independent.*)—St. Cross hospital was founded in 1132, by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester. The founder's institution requires that thirteen poor men, so decayed and passed their strength that they can not maintain themselves, shall abide in the hospital, who shall receive daily an allowance of good wheat bread, good beer, three messes each for dinner, and one for supper. Besides these, one hundred other poor shall be received daily at dinner-time, and receive each a loaf of coarse bread, one mess, and a proper allowance of beer. The founder ordered other charities to be distributed to the poor in general, as the revenues of the hospital could bear, the whole of which was to be applied to such uses. We find by an investigation, which took place in William of Wykeham's time, that in addition to the thirteen brethren, and one hundred poor fed daily, three hundred poor were received and fed at the hospital on certain days in the year, being August 19th, the anniversary of the founder's death, and six holidays. We find that after the death of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, his successor, made a great addition to the revenues of the hospital, for the purpose of maintaining thirty-five more brethren and three sisters. He created the present building, with the exception of the east angle and the church; but, although his endowment partially, if not wholly, remains, its distribution is abandoned, the present arrangement being that of the original founder, much modified. The thirteen brethren are now maintained, and have an allowance daily of a loaf of bread, three quarts of beer, and a "mess" of meat for dinner, besides which a money payment of two shillings per week is made them instead of milk and other trifles, and on certain days they have extra allowances in accordance with the rules of the endowment. Instead of feeding one hundred men daily, giving to each a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage, the modern dispensers of this charity give away daily about one gallon of beer and two small loaves, to any claimant, as long as it lasts—a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each. In lieu of the feeding three hundred poor at stated intervals, gifts, called "doles," are distributed, on which occasion a small loaf, or a half-penny, is given to all claimants generally, to the amount of five hundred. In addition to this, a chaplain and steward are salaried at stipends, we believe, of fifty pounds a year, certainly not too much. For the sake of clearness, then, we will place the injunctions of the founder and the ancient dispensations of the revenues in juxtaposition with that of modern times, that the public may judge how far mismanagements exist.

Ancient disbursement.

Each of the thirteen brethren had daily one loaf of good wheat bread of three lbs. four ounces weight, one gallon and a half of good small beer, a sufficient quantity of pottage, three messes at dinner—viz., one called "mortrell," made of milk and "hartlebread," one of flesh or fish, and one "pittance," as the day should require, and one mess for supper. On six days in the year extra allowances of bread, ale, and meat were given them. One hundred poor were fed daily; each had a loaf of coarser bread of five marks (about twenty-two ounces weight), three quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage. On six holidays in the year three hundred men received each a loaf of a better kind of bread, and

Modern disbursement.

Each of the thirteen brethren receive on five days only in each week one loaf of wheat bread, of twenty-two ounces weight, three quarts of good small beer daily, and meat, averaging to each man about one pound daily, when cooked. They receive, as in ancient times, extra allowance of meat, &c., on six holidays in the year, and have now a weekly allowance of two shillings in money. Instead of feeding one hundred poor daily, as ordered by the founder, two loaves of wheat bread, weighing twenty-two ounces each, with one gallon of beer, are distributed daily at the porter's lodge, to the first comers, in proportions of a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each person. On six holidays in each year, instead of

a double mess. Besides this, there were maintained in the hospital a steward, his clerk, two servants, two teams of six horses, and three carters.

feeding three hundred persons with "a loaf each, and a double mess of the same sort as the ordinary allowance to the brethren," the modern managers distribute five hundred penny loaves to those who choose to scramble for them, the "dole," as it is called, presenting a scene of riot and confusion painful to witness.

To those who read these statements, and compare the vast difference between the ancient and modern management of this very remarkable charity, it will be at once apparent how niggardly is the present alms-giving as compared with the past. The first question would be, have the present controllers the same means, and has the property of the hospital not been swept away by the political storms which, since the foundation and endowment of it, have swept over the land? Upon this head we can answer that, so far from such being the case, the hospital possesses not only the whole of the endowment of de Blois, but a greater part, if not all, of that of Beaufort, the distribution of the latter having been long since abandoned. It will also be seen, that although thirteen brethren are kept, their allowance is very inferior to that of ancient time, while the daily feeding of one hundred men is represented by the daily distribution of two small loaves and a gallon of beer; and the decent feeding, six times in the year, of the three hundred persons, is represented by a scramble by a mob for five hundred penny loaves. While this mockery of the liberal hospitality of the past is practised, the property is not only much larger in extent than it was in the time of Wykeham, whose investigation of hospital affairs established the management we have quoted—the property is, we repeat, not only much larger, but enormously increased in value.

Conversions to the Roman Catholic church.—The Rev. Charles Bridges, late of Oriel college, Oxford, has been received into the Roman Catholic church. Roscombe Pole, Esq., churchwarden of Bridgewater, with his lady, three sisters, and the members of his establishment, has also seceded from the established church and entered the Roman communion. One of the ladies is, we understand, Mrs. Anstice, widow of the late Professor Anstice, of King's college, London. Other secessions from the establishment are expected to take place in a short time. Mr. Pole has announced the secession of himself and family to the Rev. Mr. Nihill, vicar of Bridgewater.

Mr. Ward and the Protestant Operatives.—The following is the address forwarded to Mr. Ward by the committee of the Dublin Protestant Operative Association:

"*Dublin Protestant Association and Reformation Society, 5 College street, Sept. 6.*

"Sir,—I beg to enclose you an address to you which was adopted at a very large and highly respectable meeting of our body, which meeting was held in the Rotundo, in this city, last Thursday.

"I am desired to assure you that nothing can be further from the wish of every member of the association than to inflict the least wound upon your feelings. Whatever strength of expression may be employed in the address, it is made use of not to offend, but to convey the deep sense of abhorrence to popish doctrine, as being destructive to the best interests of man, which is experienced by the members of the association.

"I shall only add that it is the earnest wish of our body that you should be so kind as seriously to consider our appeal.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"W. Compton Espy, *Secretary.*

"P.S. The sub-committee who prepared the address concluded that, having ceased to be a minister of the church of England, and being obviously disqualified for orders in the church of Rome, you must needs be at present a layman; and with that understanding they placed the superscription which you will find at the head of the address. However, as I can not but think that, addressed under your former title, a letter will be less likely to miss you, I take the liberty of sending you this accordingly, and trust you will excuse me for so doing.

"To the Rev. W. G. Ward."

To this Mr. Ward replied as follows:

"*St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, September 9th.*

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of an address to myself from the Dublin Protestant Association and Reformation Society, and most fully believe your assurance that 'nothing could be further from the wish of every member of the association than to inflict the least wound on my feelings.'

"You can not, indeed, make use of stronger expressions with the view of conveying a deep sense of abhorrence to popish doctrine than I have felt it my duty, in more than one publication, to adopt with the view of expressing the abhorrence with which I regard the characteristic doctrines of Protestantism; and especially what is commonly called 'evangelicalism,' by which I mean those doctrines on 'justification' which were put forward by Luther and Calvin. Of course, I think that the pernicious effect of that miserable heresy may be indefinitely modified in the case of individuals by their religious

instinct; and I give you credit for acknowledging the same in regard to the doctrines which you call 'popish.'

"I will give your appeal, I assure you, every consideration; but as it contains no argument with which I was not already familiar, in one shape or other, there is the less probability that it will have any power in affecting my convictions; indeed I may say, with the utmost confidence, that there is no moral possibility of its having any such effect.

"I thank you for your kind opinion that my letter indicates something like integrity of purpose; in reference, however, to the obscurity which you find in its expressions, and the unsoundness of its reasonings, while I am far from maintaining that your criticism may not be just in the former particular, I would yet say that those only could be fair judges even of that who have read that work of mine to which my letter throughout refers.

"I suppose that, as the address alludes to the Scripture argument in the Catholic controversy, I should say something on the other side in that particular. But I can not do better than refer you to Mr. Newman's work on justification on one branch of the subject, and on another to several of his sermons on subjects of the day. I have not the volume at hand, but would particularly refer to the series which contains the sermon called 'The Christian church a continuation of the Jewish,' and especially to the sermon called 'The Apostolical Christian.' In all these works you will find Scripture the one source of argument and standard of appeal, though you will not, of course, suppose either Mr. Newman or myself to grant that, by private examination of Scripture, an individual will ordinarily obtain the blessing of the Holy Spirit to guide him into truth.

"You assure me 'that it is the earnest wish of your body that I should be so kind as seriously to consider your appeal.' It is equally my own earnest wish that members of your body would be so kind to themselves as seriously to consider the works to which I have referred, and others of a similar nature; though it is not, of course, chiefly by means of argument that the truth can be expected to spread, however signal the superiority which, in argument alone, Catholicism must ever have over every degree of Protestantism short of absolute and extreme infidelity.

"With regard to my designation, I believe there is no fear of a letter missing me, whichever you adopt. Of course, your mode of addressing me must a good deal depend on the opinions you entertain as to the validity of the ordinations in the English church.

"I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

"W. G. WARD."

London Tablet.]

The Jesuits.—The *Constitutionel* in its remarks on the "History of the Jesuits," lately published at Leipsic, says: "The province of England contained one hundred and forty Jesuits in 1841, and one hundred and sixty-four in 1844. The Jesuits have thirty-three establishments, houses, colleges, residences, or simple houses. They show themselves more openly than in other countries, and the colleges and houses are generally called by the name of some saint. Thus they have the colleges of St. Ignatius, St. Michael, St. Stanislaus, St. John the Evangelist, St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. Their principal establishment is the college of Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. It contains twenty priests, twenty-six novices, and fourteen brothers. The province of England has twenty missionaries at Calcutta. The English government protects them as much as the Protestant missionaries, and even assists them at the present moment to establish a new college specially devoted to China. The vice-province of Ireland contained sixty-three Jesuits in 1841, and seventy-three in 1844. They possess in Ireland the colleges of Clongowes, Tullabeg, and Dublin. In Dublin they have recently founded a second college."—*Ib.*

Puseyism.—According to a Manchester paper, there is to be a great Protestant clerical gathering in London—a sort of "council," composed of persons from different countries—to deliberate on the progress of Puseyism. Two hundred clerics will, it is said, be present, and the proceedings will occupy three days.—*Ib.*

IRELAND.—*Drumcondra missionary college.*—Many of our readers have not heard of, and many are only partially acquainted with, an institution which deserves to be known by all and supported by all, both with prayers and alms. The institution we speak of is of more than *national*, it is of *imperial* concern. We allude to Drumcondra missionary college—a college recently established for the supply of priests to all parts of the world *out of Ireland*, but particularly with a view to Great Britain, the colonies, and other countries where the English language is spoken.

The Drumcondra missionary received the sanction of the propaganda and the apostolic benediction of his holiness on the 28th February, 1842. Its direction and management devolve on a community of clergymen formed on the model of St. Sulpice in Paris. With the encouragement and recommendation of Dr. Murray, the president of the college, the Rev. John Hand projected, planned, and executed this good work. To fit himself for the task, he resided for some time in St. Sulpice, in Paris; visited several of the institutions for the education of missionary priests in France; for the same purpose he resided for some time in Rome, and after two years spent in diligent prepara-

tion he obtained the final approval of the holy see.

Already nine priests have associated themselves with the exemplary founder, and compose the staff of professors, directors, &c., and their number will be shortly increased. We have good reason to believe that Mr. Hand's associates are clergymen of education, character, and zeal, such as preeminently fit them for the task. Indeed, their zeal is proved by their consenting to hold their present position. The means of the college—except what can be begged—are literally nothing. The directors and professors receive no salary; none of them has any separate income whatever; and whatever is collected, and whatever small sums may be offered for masses, are thrown into the common fund and form part of the necessary income of the college.

The Rev. Mr. Hand has begged and continues to beg, from door to door, for the support of this noble undertaking. Out of the proceeds of this honorable mendicancy he has contrived to pay the rent of an admirable house and grounds, which he holds by a seventy-five years' lease from the Dublin corporation; to make expensive repairs; and to build a very large addition for a refectory and for dormitories. Altogether, he has collected about six thousand pounds, including the sums paid by the bishops who have students educating in the house. Of this sum part, of course, has come from various quarters, but by far the greater part has come from the Dublin archdiocess, upon which is thus very unfairly thrown the burden of an establishment in which, as a common benefit to religion, all Ireland should be interested and take a part, and to which, even from selfish motives and from a sense of justice, all the rest of the empire should contribute.

Hitherto there have been from fifty-five to sixty students educated at this college; and from the following enumeration the reader will see how deeply we are all interested in this infant but most meritorious establishment. *Seven* students are being educated for Drs. Scott and Murdoch for the western division of Scotland; *one* for Drs. Carruthers and Gillis of eastern Scotland; *one* for Dr. Brown of Wales; *eleven* for Dr. Fenelly of Madras; *two* for Dr. Borghi of Agra; *three* for Dr. Polding, archbishop of Sidney; *one* for Dr. Griffith of the Cape; *five* for Dr. Smith of Trinidad; *one* for Dr. Fernandez of Jamaica; *two* for Dr. Hynes of Demerara; *four* for Dr. de Hailandiere, Vincennes; *two* for Dr. Walsh of Nova Scotia; others for American bishops, and Dr. Collier of the Mauritius, Dr. Pompalier of New Zealand, and other foreign and colonial bishops have also applied to have students received from them into the college.

For each student ten pounds annually is paid, and no more! Whoever will contribute ten pounds a year will, so long as he continues the payment, establish a free place for an additional student. Ten persons clubbing together and paying each a pound a year for three or four years, will be able to educate a priest for the service of God no less than for their fellow men.

At present the college is without a convenient chapel. It is, of course, desired to build one in which all the ceremonies of the church may be performed with becoming solemnity and with the greatest exactness. We earnestly hope the directors will meet with such encouragement from the Catholic public as may enable them to accomplish this desirable object, and place the college on a footing of far more extended efficiency. We believe we need only explain its purposes and necessities to secure for it the warm and practical co-operation of many of our readers.

We forgot to say that the trustees of the college are the archbishop of Dublin and his vicars-general, and that the directors every year make a report of their progress to the assembly of the bishops. It will be seen that it thus enjoys the countenance and patronage not merely of one diocess, but of all the diocesses in Ireland. It is a noble undertaking, every way creditable to the disinterested zeal of those who are engaged in it, and to the liberality of those by whom it has been supported. Surely it can not fail to receive adequate encouragement. We conclude by appending the following extracts from the printed prospectus recently issued.

"The object of the institution is to educate priests for the foreign missions: this project, encouraged and recommended by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, received the sanction of the sacred congregation of the propaganda, and the apostolic benediction of his holiness on the 28th of February, 1842.

"A community of clergymen, formed on the model of the Society of St. Sulpice, Paris, devote themselves gratuitously to the direction of the college: Rev. John Hand, president; Rev. David Moriarty, vice-president; Rev. Barth. Woodlock, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology and Italian; Rev. James O'Ryan, professor of moral theology and French; Rev. Thomas Bennet, B. D., professor of sacred Scripture and ecclesiastical history; Rev. David Moriarty, professor of physics and belles-lettres; Rev. James Clarke, professor of logic, metaphysics and ethics; Rev. James O'Brien, professor of rhetoric; Rev. Patrick Kavanagh, bursar.

"The faithful, who, by their charitable contributions, have assisted in establishing and supporting an institution so much wanted and so well calculated to effect such extensive and lasting good, may rejoice indeed. Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls will induce other pious Catholics to imitate their good example, in contributing, according to their means, towards this great work of

charity. 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few.'

"Any person contributing ten pounds annually, will, by so doing, establish a free place for an additional student. Eight such free places are already established in the college. Donations in books, vestments, paintings, &c., thankfully received.

"The adorable sacrifice of the mass is offered up every morning for all the subscribers and benefactors, living and dead, and for their intentions: they will, moreover, participate in all the apostolic labors, conversions, masses, prayers, and other good works, which may be the fruits of this institution throughout the world to the end of time.

"N. B.—To obtain admission into the college, candidates should be of good constitutions, not under seventeen years of age, fully resolved to go on the foreign missions, sufficiently advanced to enter the logic, or at least the rhetoric class, willing to pay ten pounds annually (yearly or half-yearly in advance), furnished with letters from their bishops, parish priests, and the superiors of any college in which they may have previously studied, recommending them as fit and promising subjects for the foreign missions. In making application, by letter, they should be candid and distinct in stating all these particulars, as also their age, the authors they have read, and in which they are prepared to be examined, in Latin, Greek, English, &c., the names and addresses of their bishops, parish priests, and the seminary or college they have studied in, &c."

SCOTLAND.—*The Holy Coat at Treves—To the editor of the Stirling Observer.*—Sir: In one of the leading articles in the Observer, of the 28th inst., you have made laudable efforts to enlighten your readers with regard to the present "religious movements in Germany." I observe, however, with regret, that while you are instructing others, you have unfortunately fallen into some mistakes yourself; to these, with all due respect, I beg to call your attention. While you highly approve of the movements in question, and flatter yourself that they will be followed by the happiest results, you condemn, in the strongest language, the "incidents" by which you think they are produced, viz., "the extravagant and overstrained obtrusion of the most revolting and irrational practices of the Romish church, most offensively exhibited and held up to public gaze." This, you will admit, is strong language; pray, allow me to examine whether there be any thing, in the facts on which you comment, by which it can be justified. What are those facts? History informs the archbishop of Treves, as indeed it will inform all who may choose to consult it, that in the fourth century Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, procured in the holy land and brought to Treves, and deposited there, the identical coat or vesture worn by our Saviour during his passion. From the days of Helena to our own, the clergy and people of Treves have kept possession of the venerable garment. They concealed it in troublesome times, and in times when they had nothing to fear they were wont to suffer it to be seen and inspected by the curious and the devout. For the last thirty-eight years it had not been seen by the community at large, and it was only in compliance with public feeling, and in imitation of his predecessors, that during last autumn the illustrious Arnoldi, archbishop of Treves, invited the faithful to come and enjoy a sight which their pious ancestors, during the lapse of so many centuries, had so often enjoyed with singular satisfaction. The prelate's invitation, we are told by his enemies, was accepted by nearly a million and a half of the German people. This is fact the first. You say, "Like the indulgences, a visit or pilgrimage to Treves procured the pardon of sin." This, of course, means that Arnoldi offered the pardon of their sins to such as would go in pilgrimage to the holy coat. Now, sir, allow me to assure you that you misrepresent Arnoldi. The archbishop of Treves is admitted by all parties to be a good Catholic, and the Catholic doctrine is, that sin is remitted to man solely through the merit of Christ, on man's repenting of his crimes, and on his resolving by God's grace to sin no more. An indulgence is not a remission of sin; it is a mitigation of the punishment due to sin, the guilt of which has already been forgiven. Nor do Catholics believe that any visit, any pilgrimage to any place or church, are able of themselves to procure for us the remission of our transgressions, although they may, and do help to stir up in us that sorrow for sin, and that love of Almighty God, to which the Saviour himself has promised the remission of much guilt. This is genuine Catholic doctrine, and that it is so, you may satisfy yourself by consulting any of our doctrinal books. Let this, then, be fact the second. Ronge, you inform us, "suffered a species of passive persecution, having been driven from his parish of Grottkau by the ecclesiastical authorities, because he had exposed the conduct of the pope, who would not sanction the choice of the chapter of Breslau of a moderate and liberal prelate." This persecution, which you term a passive one, consisted in Ronge's being suspended from his clerical functions, for having, not indeed "exposed the pope," but slandered the holy see, and his own immediate superiors, and for refusing to retract the ill he had falsely spoken of them. Ronge was dealt with as he deserved; and as he would have been dealt with here, by the free kirk, if he happened to be one of its ministers. And this I set down as fact the third. Now, the more I consider these facts, the longer I meditate upon them, your remarks on the holy coat, on Arnoldi, and, indeed, on Catholi-

cism in general, appear to me more eminently unjust. Please observe: The exposition of the Saviour's robe you call "a grotesque and glaring absurdity." There is that in illustrious personages and in those individuals whom we much love, which gives, long after they have ceased to exist, a value to all that was theirs. We treasure up with uncommon care the relics of our departed friends, their miniature, picture, a lock of their hair, the smallest trifle, perhaps, which belonged to them. Every family repository contains such treasures as these, and what these repositories are to private families, our museums are to the nation at large. In Edinburgh may be seen the stool which Jenny Geddes threw at the head of a preacher from whose doctrines she dissented. At Greenwich hospital the coat in which Nelson expired is religiously preserved. I saw at Abbotsford the entire dress worn by Sir Walter Scott just before his death. All these are shown to the public; the public are invited to see them; and, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them, few grudge to travel a little out of their path, and pay a small gratuity. Now the world calls not this grotesque and absurd. The truth is, the very sight of such things as these excites in us the noblest and most pleasing feelings. We can not see and touch, and press to our lips or bosom, the relics of the great—of our patriots and literary men—without becoming more patriotic, and more ardent lovers of learning. Admiring, loving, almost adoring the illustrious dead, we divest ourselves of our own littleness, and gradually become what they were; we adopt their opinions, imbibe their spirit, and all that was greatest and noblest in them revives in us. Who does not know the power of the association of ideas? We see, in the tragic poet, that the very sight of Cæsar's mantle, torn by his assassin's dagger, and covered with the hero's blood, stirred up the Romans to anger and to revenge; and is it too much to expect that the inspection of that vesture in which a God-man clothed himself, in which he sweated, and suffered, and died for us, will speak to our hearts? Far from me, at least, that cold and unchristian philosophy, which will allow the patriot to bend over the patriot's tomb, but will not suffer a repenting sinner to visit his Saviour's sepulchre. These are probably Arnoldi's sentiments, and for entertaining them you are pleased to call him "an impious and foolish bishop, who disgusted mankind by the grossness of his unveiled idolatry." An' please you, sir, Arnoldi is no idolater. Arnoldi did not adore the holy coat himself, nor did he exhort others to adore it. The Saviour's garment he venerates on his account who wore it; him, and him alone, does the archbishop adore; to give to any other divine honors would, indeed, be idolatry. This Arnoldi must have known from his infancy. From a book published on this very subject, and by the Rongists themselves, it appears that, by exposing to the eyes of the faithful, what to you is a subject of so much scandal, the archbishop of Treves intended to stir up sorrow for sin, and feelings of devotion in the hearts of sinners; he wished to bring them back to their God, and to save their souls. Call you this being impious and foolish? A million and a half of believers crowded around him, filling, again and again, for weeks together, his city and his cathedral church. Is this a proof that he disgusted mankind? These hosts of pilgrims you stigmatize as ignorant and bigoted men, forgetting, as you do, that they came from every country, and belonged to every rank and condition. Might you not have modestly thought that some out of the great number might be, at least, as learned and as enlightened as yourself? As is customary at the present day, you must have a fling at the Jesuits. It does not, indeed, appear very clearly of what crime you accuse them. If you accuse them of great zeal and great success, in extending the pale of Catholicism, I dare say they will plead guilty; but if you urge, as you would seem to do, that they have shed, or caused to be shed, innocent blood, I am sure you will never be able to substantiate your charge. I will admit, however, that of late too much blood has been shed. Some few years ago the infidel party in Spain massacred a whole community of Jesuits. It is scarcely a month since the same party basely assassinated, at the midnight hour, Mr. Leu, the staunchest friend of the Jesuits in Switzerland, and in April last the Catholic people of Lucerne, in self-defence against an invading host of rebel infidels, shed torrents of blood on the battlefield. But who can blame the Jesuits for the effusion of all this blood? What connection have they with the religious troubles of Germany? As yet, there is not a single Jesuit in Lucerne, nor, I believe, in all that part of Germany devastated by Rongist commotions. Can these commotions then be laid to their charge? As well might you make them accountable for the strife which of late so cruelly lacerated the bosom of "our Scottish Sion." No doubt you look forward with great pleasure to the time when, as you imagine, Ronge will upset Catholicism in Germany; I will venture to say that time will never come. Our countryman, Laing, a shrewd observer, hates Catholicism as much as you do, but he thinks, with me, that Ronge is not destined to drive it across the Rhine. Indeed, he has made but very trifling progress in the Catholic portions of Germany. His congregations are mostly composed of Protestants of various kinds, who, under the name of "Friends of light," are determined to reform and improve the already often reformed and improved Lutheran reformation. Their proceedings have begun to awaken the jealous fears

of the various German governments, and no wonder. For, says a recent number of the *Times*, Ronge and his followers "seem bent, not on preaching religious doctrines only, but on attacking the fundamental institutions of the country." From an account of Ronge, published by his friends in this country, it is evident that they partake in these fears. "In all his productions," says this little work, p. 119, "there is much to desiderate; nay, we may go further, and declare that there is much in them which seems to savor of modern German liberalism," that is, revolution and infidelity. But, sir, this is the man who, according to you, is to work out the moral regeneration of enslaved and benighted Catholics! Him and his followers you would introduce to the favorable notice of your readers. These are the godly reformers whom you would almost entreat to carry into our country those flames of religious discord, which already they have scattered far and wide through their own. You say, with shame perhaps, that "every where, except in our own country, people are on the alert," guarding, of course, against advancing popery. Now, the fact is, in no country on the face of the earth is more said and done against Catholicism than in Scotland. In no country is Catholicism less known or more cordially hated at the same time; Scotland is a prey to religious contendings, and the course of strife seems to be daily gaining ground. Methinks were you to endeavor to allay this strife, and to remove the causes of it; were you to strive to reconcile all parties, that is, Protestants to one another, and Catholics to Protestants, your great talents would be employed to some advantage, and you would better display your wisdom, liberality and moderation, than by lecturing archbishops and popes; than by laying to their charge, and to the charge of Catholics in general, crimes which they never committed, and teaching them lessons which they ought never to learn. I am, sir, with great regard, your obedient servant, PAUL M'LACHLAN.

Catholic chapel, Falkirk, Sept. 1, 1845.

POLAND.—At the town of Bar, in the province of Podolia, the Canon Lomnicki was curate until the other day, when, having attempted to repair his church in a very slight degree, to prevent its falling on the heads of the worshippers, the Russian government seized and transferred him to Kamienic, where he is prevented even from saying mass.

The Abbe Ozarowski has been condemned to death on the simple uninvestigated accusation of "writing to Rome." This ecclesiastic was for ten years head of the seminary at Luck, and the emperor, "willing to show him *due respect*," has changed his sentence of death to hard labor for life in the pestiferous mines of Naiczyusk, which appears to amount to an increase of the original sentence. The church loses an excellent ecclesiastic, one of the most zealous defenders of the faith, and Poland one of her best pastors: but Christianity gains another martyr.—*Ib.*

SWEDEN. — The following, if true, is a new specimen of Protestant liberality:—The *Augsburg Gazette* contains a letter from Stockholm, stating that the king had rejected the appeal of the painter Nelson, against the judgment of the supreme court, sentencing him to banishment for having changed from the Protestant to the Catholic religion.—*Ib.*

COCHIN CHINA.—*A Catholic bishop condemned to death.—Attempted rescue.*—The United States frigate Constitution, Captain Percival, on her passage from Borneo to Canton, put into Turon bay, Cochin China, to refit and repaint the ship. The authorities prohibited intercourse with the people. Mandarins came on board, and a letter was secretly delivered, purporting to be from a Frenchman of the name of Le Fevre, who signed himself bishop of Isauriopiles, and apostolic vicar of Cochin China, stating that he had been seized by the government, put in irons and condemned to death. The mandarins had returned to the shore, before the contents of this letter were ascertained, when Captain Percival determined to demand the bishop, in person, and proceeded on shore with an armed force. As he could get no answers, nor sight of the highest or chief mandarin, he seized three of the mandarins, and took possession, with three of the ship's boats, of three of their war junks. The gun boats fled at the approach of our boats, and the soldiers were much frightened and fled when our men charged them. The junks and mandarins were subsequently released. The Boston Atlas, from which we obtain these particulars, does not say whether the bishop was released.

[We hope to learn further particulars.—ED.]

AUSTRALIA. — *New Zealand.* — At the April meeting of the St. Patrick's society for the propagation of the faith in Sidney, the archbishop said he had received a letter from his dear brother, Pompalier, the holy bishop of New Zealand. The letter was dated on the 13th of March, in which he stated he was surrounded by ruins, but the natives had *tabooed* or made sacred the property belonging to him, so that his house, his church, andthe other buildings belonging to him remain uninjured, and himself and his clergy were safe. They had, therefore, reason to be thankful to their good God that in the midst of such disastrous events he had watched over and guarded from danger the mission at New Zealand. The holy prelate said in his letter that the natives said to him: "Do not be afraid, bishop; we know that you came here to do us good, you have done us good, and we know that you do not meddle with the politics, continue to do good amongst us and you shall be safe." He further stated that he believed none, or at the most very few of those na-

tives who had embraced the Catholic faith had been engaged in the late outrages against the lives and the property of the Europeans.

Van Diemen's Land.—*The bishops.*—On the 8th of October the Protestant bishop of Tasmania (Nixon) addressed the Catholic bishop of Hobart Town (Dr. Wilson), in which, after alluding to an address presented to the bishop by the people of Hobart Town, he says: "May I take the liberty of asking you whether I am correctly informed that you have assumed the title of 'bishop of Hobart Town?' and if this be the case, may I beg to know under what authority you lay claim to the possession of a see established within the limits of her majesty's dominions by a power independent of herself, and with what legal right *you take up a title* derived from the metropolis of that diocess which her majesty, in the exercise of her royal privileges, has been pleased, by her letters patent, to commit to my immediate guardianship?" The following is the reply of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilson: "Hobart Town, October 14, 1844.—My Lord,—Courtesy dictates that I should thus address you, and I do so most willingly. In reference to your letter of the 8th instant, I have to state that, as I do not recognise in you any right whatever, either civil or ecclesiastical, to put to me the questions you have, I at once decline giving you any reply. Your rude and perfectly unprovoked attack upon me and the ancient church of which I am unworthily a bishop (if your words were correctly reported in the *Hobart Town Courier*, 25th July), and the violence of your language in the lectures given in St. David's church, have determined me never to enter upon a subject with you that could by possibility give rise to a controversy. We are placed here by the government, if I understand our duty rightly, for a purpose very different from that of religious strife and contention, at all times unprofitable, but with you and me in this land of wo, positively disgraceful, and in my humble judgment fraught with danger. Thousands of our respective flocks are festering in misery, and crying from their prison-house for spiritual aid and consolation. Contend with whom you will, my lord, you shall not contend with me. Your gratuitous insults and provocations of myself and flock would have been passed over in silence, had you not addressed me now. My lord, you evidently mistake your position in this colony; do not allow indiscretion to usurp the place of becoming zeal. You are placed as the head of the Protestant church in this island—be satisfied with your elevation—adhere to your own duties, if you would be respected—interfere not with others. Believe me, we have both of us an awful task to fulfil, and an awful responsibility to sustain. We may be, by heaven's blessing, of much service to the *imprisoned*, to the colonists in general, and to our most gracious queen, provided we discharge our sacred duties faithfully, with meekness, charity, and Christian energy; but if our time and strength were spent in wrangling and strife, we should only be as 'men beating the air,' aye, even as 'the raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame.'—St. Jude. My lord, enforce the doctrines of your own church with the energy you please; your zeal would be commendable, and your motives duly appreciated by all prudent and good men; but pause before you indulge in violent invective against any class of Christians, lest you should err in your judgment and draw upon yourself the pity or the censure of your own friends. Every man who has truly the welfare of this most important colony at heart, will strive his utmost to cherish a spirit of peace, concord, and friendly feeling in all classes of society. If that be neglected, a very few years may fatally prove that every indiscreet and violent partisan has been an enemy to this land, and a bad subject of his sovereign. I have the honor to be, my lord, your humble and faithful servant.

✝ Robert William Hobartonien.

Sisters of Charity.—The Right Rev. the bishop of Hobart Town has issued an appeal to the Catholics of Van Diemen's land, in behalf of the Sisters of Charity, whose introduction into that colony is contemplated by his lordship. The following is an extract from the Right Rev. Bishop's address: "Beloved in our Lord, with joy we announce that with your co-operation we have an opportunity of establishing in this colony a house of 'Sisters of Charity.' This institution, by the divine aid, is calculated to produce benefits most solid, and blessings most fruitful, not only to the bond, but also to the free—to the orphan, the widow, the sick and afflicted, as also to shed around it the sweet odor of unaffected piety and pure benevolence. 'This is clean religion and undefiled before God and the Father: to visit the fathers and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.'—St. James i, 27. We feel confident that this intelligence will be received by you with heartfelt satisfaction. The plan we propose for the commencement of the institution is this:—1. That a neat and respectable cottage, in a suitable locality, capable of affording accommodation for five or six 'Sisters of Charity,' should be engaged by the year, until Divine Providence is pleased to afford means to erect a house properly arranged for a religious community. 2. That with the subscriptions now sought, the house should be furnished, and the passage of the 'religious' defrayed from Paramatta to Hobart Town. 3. That should a surplus remain after the above expenses have been defrayed, it should be appropriated to the current account of the house. 4. That an effort shall be made yearly to obtain alms for the support of the institution."

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Matthew's church, Washington, D. C., to one hundred and twenty persons, on Sunday the 5th of October.

Incident in a stage-coach.—From a correspondent.—On entering the stage-coach to cross the mountains, I took the middle seat, and found myself located by the side of a Presbyterian-preacher-like person. Never having seen him before, and, feeling in a meditative mood, I was inclined to be silent. What he took me to be I do not know; but before we had proceeded far on our journey, and whilst we were ascending at a slow gait one of the steep Allegany ridges found in the west of Maryland, he opened a conversation by inquiring of me where I resided, and who was the Presbyterian parson there. I satisfied him on these points; and, after some further remarks, I found that his home was in western Pennsylvania, and that he was just returning from a visit to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I purposely avoided letting him know that I was a Catholic, so that he might express his sentiments uninfluenced by that knowledge. Without much preface he observed that the Episcopalians of Maryland were carrying on some pretty high-handed measures. I asked in what respect. He replied in the revival and introduction into their service of antiquated customs and obsolete ceremonies, such as erecting crosses, &c., in their churches. Far from condemning, I told him, I really commended their course; for I thought that by prudently and consistently carrying out the principle of restoring the observances of Christian antiquity, it would ultimately lead to some happy result. To this he could not assent, because he questioned whether the adoption of old usages was any improvement in the church. I replied that, by ascending nearer to the fountain-head, the more confidently they might expect to find the stream pure. Moreover, the so-called reformers have in fact stripped Christianity too bare, leaving scarcely the skeleton remaining, and the sooner we replace what they have taken away, the sooner will we become genuine Christians. Then, added he, we might as well become Roman Catholics at once. To this I saw not the slightest objection. If then the Catholic church be right, continued he, why does she not enter into, and carry on the great measures of the day, such as revivals at home, and the conversion of heathens abroad? As to revivals, said I, they are not needed in the sense you intimate. A Catholic is guided by faith and principle, not by impulse or passion. There is a revival continually going on in the bosom of the church by the silent but powerful operation of the grace of God, sustained and nurtured by the sacred institutions Christ has established. And in regard to the conversion of heathens, there is, I believe, no deficiency even on that point. The church of Rome, exclaimed he, is deficient on that score. She has not labored successfully in the conversion of the heathen. This, I said, is a question which admits of examination. Historical evidence can decide it—facts will speak for themselves. Now what are the facts in the case? Has the Catholic church done no more than Protestantism in the conversion of nations? Lest it might be esteemed unfair to array all that the Catholic church has done during the eighteen hundred years that have elapsed since her establishment, in opposition to what Protestantism has effected during the three centuries of its existence, let us pass by all that was achieved before the rebellion of Luther, and see what has been done since. To make the case stronger, and to show you how vastly more successful the Catholic church has been within that period than the Protestant sects, I will not even name the myriads of Indians that were converted in Canada, California, Mexico, Paraguay and all South America; nor the multitudes converted in the South Sea islands, and many other portions of the earth; but I will set against you, and confine myself to the success of one single Catholic missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who converted millions. He in the East Indies, and in the short space of ten years, converted more nations, and brought more people to the knowledge of Christ, than all the swarms of preachers, and cargoes of Bibles, and heaps of dollars that have been sent out by the combined efforts of all the sects that have arisen since the birth of Protestantism, now more than three hundred years. And easily could that be done, since Protestants, in their partial and very limited success, have not Christianized a single nation, or even a respectable island. What think you now? That was a wonderful man, said he; I never heard of him—no doubt the spirit of God was with him. It was with him, I replied, and he was indeed wonderful: he calmed the stormy ocean—he raised the dead to life, and the raging plague was stopped by the introduction of his corpse into the city.

Taking another position, he now remarked, that perhaps, after all your success, it would have been as well for the infidel never to have been made a Catholic, as the change was likely to make him a worse rather than a better man, whilst the contrary is the case in our conversions. My reply was that this point too would admit of a settlement by facts and evidence. Look at the converts to Catholicity. From the most credible sources we learn that, in America, in China, in the islands—every place—their faith, their innocence, their good works, their piety, are noticed and commended. On the other hand, what is the condition of Protestant converts from paganism? Contrast their lives and morals with those of the Catholics, and see where is the

superiority. True Protestantism has converted so few that it is impossible to test the questions practically. But you claim, as an evidence of success, to have converted a large portion of the small Sandwich Islands. Let the result there speak the decision. Your missionaries, anxious to have large supplies of money remitted to them, have generally heretofore represented the new Protestants there in a very hopeful condition. More recently, however, more correct information has reached our shores. I allude not to Catholic but to your own Protestant authority—of persons who have visited the country, spent some time there, saw the relative standing of the heathen and Protestant portion of the inhabitants, learned the condition of the converts before they became Protestants and since, and they declare emphatically that the converted are worse than the pagans, and that the converts themselves have become more indolent, lewd, dishonest, and lying than they were before their conversion; in other words, that the Sandwich Islanders as Protestants are worse than they were as heathens. Can you repel these facts? For a moment my friend sat in silence; he then arose, stepped behind, and took a back-seat with the ladies. O.

Maryland Catholic Society.—At a meeting of the Maryland Catholic society, held September the 22d, 1845, the following appropriations were made:

To St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum, Baltimore	$50 00
To St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Baltimore	50 00
To Rev. Mr. O'Neil of Harford	15 00
	$115 00

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Sisters of Charity.—Tributes of the New Orleans Press.*—Reader! did you ever visit our Charity Hospital? No. Well then, of course, you have not seen the Sisters of Charity flitting about, in silence, from one sick ward to another, on their errands of mercy, like ministering angels! The Paris correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, in a letter giving a description of some of the hospitals in Paris, incidentally speaks of the Sisters of Charity, who there, as here, have those institutions under their care. All that the correspondent says of them applies with equal justice to the character and services of the Sisters of Charity here; and to give those who have not visited the hospital some idea of the noble self-devotion, the careful attention, and the overflowing kindness of these excellent women, we give the writer's remarks. He says: "Both these institutions are under the care of those most excellent women, the Sisters of Charity. I have already spoken of them, but it was then from a slight knowledge of their character. A more thorough acquaintance with them and their duties has given me new reason to pronounce most decidedly in their favor. Their incessant vigilance and tenderness for the sick and suffering, their utter disregard of themselves and their own comfort, is worthy of exalted praise. They have left all that the world regards behind them, they have discarded the forms of dress, and devoted their fortunes, talents, their all, to the care of these unfortunates. The world is always loud in the praise of a daughter who, disregarding self, watches devotedly at the bedside of a sick mother. But these sisters have no ties of blood which draw them to the dying pillow of these poor creatures. Their characters are beyond praise, their lives above reproach. The contrast of their black robes with the snowy whiteness of their uncouth caps is not more striking than the opposition of their lives to those around them. With their beads and cross hanging from one side of their waist, and their bunch of keys on the other, they go from bed to bed, on their silent errand of mercy, moistening the parched lips of one, whispering words of peace to another, always calm and composed, ever ready, ever present; with a gentleness that awes the quarrelsome, and persuades the peevish and fretful, asking, looking for nothing from man, and seeking only a crown of immortality in a world beyond the grave."—*N. Orleans Tropic.*

New Orleans Correspondence.—It is usual to see, in the correspondence of the northern papers from this city, the most extravagant abuse of our citizens and institutions; written, too, with almost utter disregard of truth. This is so generally the case, that any thing different which we find stands out in bold relief, as it were, and gives us a favorable impression of the writer. Such a correspondence we notice in the Raleigh Register, over the signature of "Cosmopolite." This intelligent writer, who is a Protestant, in noticing many peculiarities of New Orleans, pays a compliment, as fine as it is merited, to that self-devoted and benevolent order, the Sisters of Charity. So just is this meed of praise that we can not but publish a part of it. The writer also alludes, in favorable terms, to our various and delightful watering places. But to the extract: "I said in my last that by far the largest portion of the inhabitants of the city are Catholics, and those who are really and sincerely pious, and there are many who are so, are emphatically the good Samaritans of the place. If you would see a pure, disinterested, Christian-like exhibition of the heavenly virtue, charity, you have here an opportunity of witnessing it in its most soft and angelic light. Over the couch of a sick and emaciated stranger bends the figure of a female, whose watchful care and assiduous attentions betoken a deep interest in the welfare of the suffering invalid. By day and by night, by the faint night taper's glow, as well as mid-day's summer sun, still she lingers around the

sick couch, guarding, with sleepless eye, every change of the hapless sufferer, and cooling and moistening his parched and fevered lip. She complains not—not a murmur is heard—and yet the unhappy victim of disease is a perfect stranger to her; she never saw him before, and even should he recover, in all probability she will never see him again. Who, then, is this kind, benevolent female, and what prompts her to this act of self-denial, servitude and danger, thus to encounter and inhale the putrid atmosphere of disease and death? She is a Catholic—a Sister of Charity—whose heart, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and love for the whole human family, thus braves the humid breath of pestilence and contagion, soothing and consoling the afflicted, and smoothing the pillow, and imparting the consolations of the Gospel to the dying. Nor is this an isolated case, they are of almost every day occurrence."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Roxbury New Church.*—The corner stone of this church was laid on the 4th ult. The day was delightful, and the assemblage was large. It was not our good fortune to be there, but we learn that every thing passed off to the satisfaction of all. The sermon, by the eloquent Dr. Manahan of New York, was worthy of the high repute which that reverend gentleman has won as a pulpit orator. Had we known he was to preach on the occasion, we should have made arrangements to report his sermon at length. The location of the church is a delightful one, and, when completed, will be an ornament to the beautiful town of Roxbury. It is to be hoped that every Catholic in Roxbury and this city will second the praiseworthy exertions of the Rev. Mr. O'Beirne in his laudable efforts to erect a temple worthy of our faith, where the adorable mysteries of our religion will be offered up, pure and undefiled, to the God of nations.

The church is to be dedicated under the patronage of St. Joseph.—*Boston Pilot.*

Diocess of New York.—*Confirmation at Poughkeepsie.—Extract from a letter in N. Y. Freeman's Journal, dated Sept.* 24, 1845.—Mr. Editor: Last Sunday was a day which can not be soon forgotten by the Catholics of Poughkeepsie. Our revered bishop, on his first visit to us, administered the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and twenty-two persons; some of them converts to our holy faith. The bishop addressed the candidates for confirmation on the sacrament, and the nature and many salutary effects of the sacred rite which they were about to receive; and were we allowed to draw conclusions from the external appearance and edifying deportment of those to be confirmed, we should say that they were deeply impressed with the solemnity and importance of their position. Though at an early hour, eight o'clock, and the morning being very unfavorable, the church, which accommodates about twelve hundred persons, was crowded to excess with the most respectable of every religious persuasion.

Dedication of the new church of St. Columba, in 25th street.—Although the weather on Sunday last was exceedingly wet and stormy, still the new church had not only its pews, but even the aisles filled, when the ceremony of dedication commenced. At half-past ten, the hour appointed, the procession advanced from the sacristy down the middle aisle to the principal door, in the following order:—The cross-bearer, supported on either side by acolytes, carrying lighted tapers; the master of ceremonies; the officiating prelate (Dr. McCloskey), supported on the right by the Rev. Mr. Burke, pastor of the church, and on the left by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of St. James' church. Having arrived at the door, the clergy commenced to chant the psalm "Miserere," whilst the bishop pronounced the solemn blessing. After the conclusion of the psalm, the dedicatory prayer was offered, and then the procession advanced within the sanctuary singing the litanies. These concluded, the altar was solemnly devoted to its holy purpose, under the invocation of St. Columba, the patron of the church. The clergy and bishop then retired to the sacristy in the order of procession. In a few moments the solemn high mass was commenced; Rev. Mr. Burke officiating as priest, Rev. Messrs. Smith and Stokes as deacon and sub-deacon. After the Gospel, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes ascended the altar and read his text from the 1st chapter of the prophet Malachy, 10th and 11th verses: "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, great is my name among the gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."

After having shown that this prophecy clearly foretold the future institution of a real perpetual sacrifice to be continually offered in the church, at all places, from the rising to the setting of the sun, he took upon himself to prove the sublime dignity of the Christian temple arising out of the exalted nature of the sacrifice daily performed within its precincts. The bishop, *en passant*, alluded to the ceremony of the day by which the church in which they stood—a temple, said he, that seemed to have sprung up as if by magic under the care of its pastor—was solemnly dedicated to the honor of the Supreme Being, where the immaculate body of Christ was to be offered daily to his heavenly Father. The prelate then proceeded, in a strain of eloquent and convincing argument, to prove the necessity of continually repeated sacrifice in the

Christian church, from the fact that sacrifice alone was the most perfect and complete recognition of the divine supremacy, and that if the new dispensation did not possess this mode of recognition, it would be inferior to the old Mosaic institutions. Whilst in the principles of Catholics there was a perpetually continued sacrifice, there was still no variation, no plurality of sacrifices, as in the Mosaic law; much less was there any substantial difference between the sacrifice of this day and the sacrifice of Calvary. For at all times the victim (Christ) being the same, and the priest (Christ) the same, the sacrifice must be the same. The victim the same Christ, now impassable, is always the victim, none other in the doctrine of the church, and although there may be many ministering priests, there is still but the one high-priest, Christ, who "remains a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec." The bishop concluded a discourse which was listened to with the most profound attention, by exhorting his hearers to approach the house of God with that humility and reverence that became a place so holy and so sublime, and that, although the place be ever so humble, it derived its dignity from that of Him who dwelt there, the Son of God, who there takes up his abode in the sacrament of love.

After the high mass was concluded, the bishop pronounced his blessing on the assembled people, with which the ceremony concluded.

Altogether the scene was delightful, and all parties concerned deserve praise for their efforts to do every thing in the best manner. The choir was effective throughout.—The treble, Miss Major, together with Mr. Hurley as tenor, and Signor Martini as bass, each showed much musical talent, and sustained their parts well. The decorations of the altar were neat, and exceedingly well arranged, and we beg to tender our congratulations to the newly formed congregation and their pastor on the success of their united efforts.—*Freeman's Jour.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Frankford Church.* On last Sunday, at Frankford, the Rt. Rev. Celestin De la Hailandiere, bishop of Vincennes, accompanied by Bishop Kenrick, and assisted by the Rev. D. Forrestal, the Rev. B. Rolando, C. M., and a number of the students of the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, solemnly blessed and laid the corner-stone of a church to be dedicated to Almighty God under the invocation of Saint Joachim.—*Cath. Herald.*

Diocess of Louisville.—*St. Joseph's College, Kentucky.*—Our readers will be gratified to learn that this institution, under the presidency of Rev. E. McMahon, begins the present year with very flattering prospects. Upwards of seventy boarders and a large number of externs have already entered upon their studies.—*Cath. Adv.*

New Church.—The corner-stone of a Catholic church was laid in Manton, Washington county, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. N. D. Young. An appropriate discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. H. Deluynes of St. Mary's college. It is hoped that the building will be under roof by Christmas, and fit for service early next year.—*Ib.*

Diocess of Chicago.—The new cathedral of Chicago was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the invocation of the Immaculate Mother of Christ, on Sunday last.—*Cath. Herald.*

The University of St. Mary of the Lake, of Chicago, now in progress of building, is expected to be completely finished about Christmas.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Vincennes —*The mystery of iniquity manifested.*—We invite the particular attention of our readers to a communication from Vincennes, from the pen of Mr. Thomas, one of the counsel for the Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlin, in the prosecution set on foot against this worthy priest by one Schmoll and his wife. From the first, in common with many liberal persons of all denominations, we were convinced that Mr. W. was the victim of a most foul and malignant conspiracy; we also hoped that Providence would some day show this to the world, but we did not expect so soon to see the mystery of iniquity unveiled, and innocence justified, if not vindicated. It is said that "murder will out;" and that "a guilty conscience can not keep its guilt concealed;" we find that the knowledge of his own infamous achievement was too much for this fitting lord of a worthless spouse, and he has gone abroad to boast of "the deep damnation" of his heartless, malignant conspiracy against the spotless reputation of a pious servant of God.

He told the tale of his successful crime to those who, happily, had the virtue to shudder at the recital, and the honest courage to expose to the view of a deceived public the whole scheme of fraud, perjury and subornation.

The persons to whom Schmoll made his acknowledgments are all Protestants. This fact places their testimony above suspicion, where in favor of the character of a Catholic priest. We regret that Mr. Thomas could not, in his communication, give more of the depositions, but we suppose that, from deference to public delicacy, he was forced to refrain from this. He has given enough, however, to convince the most prejudiced that Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlin was the innocent victim of a most diabolical conspiracy. And those who gave their sympathy and aid to the reverend gentleman throughout his difficulties and sufferings, will be rejoiced at this complete and most satisfactory manifestation of his innocence.

We know not who are the wretched individuals to whom reference is made in the depositions, as the

suborned pack of perjured witnesses, who deposed in conformity with Schmoll's nefarious scheme, but we hope that the whole net-work of villainy will be unravelled, and that the chief actors as well as subordinates in this plot will be dealt with as outraged justice requires.

Not less criminal or contemptible than one of "the trained band" of false witnesses, is the physician who furnished the book to Schmoll and his wife, that they might study the nature of syncope and the art of swooning. His name should be known to the world, that no honest or honorable person might be in peril from association with him.

The wicked can only prosper for a time. Sooner or later, their iniquity is visited with meet punishment. What has become of Schmoll and his wife? They scandalized the people of Evansville, by the rumored history of their life, by their dissentions, their litigation, and their separation. Neither of them, we understand, is there at present. Neither of them enjoys the respect of the community which they so greatly agitated by their machinations and falsehoods. On the other hand, Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlin is better known and esteemed than he was, or than he could have been previously to the period of Schmoll's prosecution. To him, therefore, the event was but a temporary trial, and now that it is past, while he looks to God for consolation and reward, he must feel much gratified at the very general sympathy and respect which he has received in various ways, and especially from the members of his own church.

VINCENNES, *September 10th*, 1845.

Complete vindication of the innocence of Rev. Roman Weinzœphlin, the Roman Catholic priest.—Exposure of the conspiracy and perjury which effected his conviction.

We hasten to gratify the Catholic community, and the honestly deluded portion of the public, by announcing the truly joyful intelligence, that Schmoll, the arch prosecutor of Mr. Weinzœphlin, has in an unguarded moment acknowledged the utter falsity of the charge, and disclosed the practices by which he was enabled to succeed in his nefarious plot.

A few weeks ago a letter was received by Rev. Mr. Deydier, the Catholic clergyman at Evansville, from several German *Protestants* residing at or near Augusta, St. Charles county, Missouri,—Henry Schweitzer, Charles Spankern, Charles Nadler and Conrad Mallinckrodt, stating, among other incidental circumstances, that Schmoll had last year spent several months among them, and during his visit had made the disclosures above alluded to, thrown off his guard, as we infer, by the fact of his being at so great a distance from the scene of his villainy, and among Protestant friends, who, he imagined, would be delighted with his achievement. They stated in their letter, "we communicate the same to you, and are ready to certify to it according to law, at any time when desired, so that you may make use of it according to circumstances."

The letter bore every mark of authenticity and truth, particularly in an accurate reference to individuals, places and occurrences, not apt to be known by strangers at a distance from Evansville. Their offer to verify their statement was at once accepted by the sympathizing friends of Mr. Weinzœphlin; and the result is, that the duly authenticated affidavits of the four individuals, and of two others, Eliza and Henry Schweitzer, also Protestants of the same place, have been voluntarily given, sufficient in form and substance, as is conceived, to serve as the basis, for those representing the state of Indiana, to institute proceedings to vindicate the insulted dignity of her laws, *and they are hereby tendered for that purpose.*

These documents are necessarily voluminous, but at the same time that they shall always remain at the disposal of the public authorities, we will, in the cause of innocence, present a few extracts to show their conclusiveness as against Schmoll, to establish the following points:

That Mrs. Schmoll, from the first, denied Mr. W's criminality, and that Schmoll himself believed him innocent: that the whole tale in regard to her having fainted, was previously fabricated under the advice of a physician of Evansville, and with the aid of a medical book which he furnished for that purpose: that by means alternately of threats and endearments, Schmoll prevailed upon his wife to place her conscience at the disposal of the conspirators, to study the book and swear according to their instructions, and that therein they enjoyed the benefit of the consultation of lawyers, although we are constrained to be skeptical of so extravagant an enormity in so elevated a profession, we would believe at least that it can allude only to the one who is stated in Schweitzer's affidavit to have accompanied her to Cincinnati, and who, appalled at the havoc there stated in the same affidavit to have been made of her reputation, and fearing the punishment which threatened him, never returned to Evansville, but abandoned his cause and his family, and fled to the confines of civilization: that for the purpose of bolstering up the assailable character of his wife, he had procured witnesses over whom he had gained an ascendency by being privy to certain of their crimes, and who were therefore forced to place themselves at his disposal; that he was supported in this scheme by adversaries of the Catholic religion ready to stigmatize it by means even the most satanic.

In making this compilation, we have confined ourselves to the above points as the only ones involved in the prosecution; and we have carefully

excluded all language, and every collateral subject that could be offensive to the public sense of delicacy, however much they would exhibit our fiend-like enemy in the worst shades of indelicacy, and of unfounded suspicion of voluntary intercourse, towards a victim of the most unspotted reputation, although such insinuations abound in his disgusting disclosures.

We appreciate this providential interposition in behalf of suffering innocence, as an occasion of the most profound gratulation to the whole body of the unprejudiced community, to the Catholic church every where, to the poor victim himself, and last, though not least, to his venerated bishop, who left him in the penitentiary, on a visit from which he is just returning, and who is known to the writer of this, after having drained his treasure, to have borrowed funds for his defence, to have authorized the pledge of his private fortune for his security, and to have shed tears of bitterness for his fate.

The letter above alluded to, and the depositions, are deposited at the office of the counsel of M. Weinzœphlin, for the inspection of all who feel an honest desire to investigate the truth of the affair.

R. M. THOMAS, *for the friends of the Rev. Roman Weinzœphlin, and one of his counsel.*

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM AND ITS PROGRESS.—We have often called attention to the astonishing progress of the railway system. Few even of the most observing among us realize its rapid growth. Mr. Thomas Gray is the reputed projector of the use of railroads for travel and transportation, except for coal and mining purposes, in England; and he only dates the commencement of his efforts in relation to the system in 1820, or only *twenty-five years* ago! and now there are seventy-seven railways completed and in progress, with an authorized capital of over £85,000,000; and one hundred and thirty-nine applications before parliament, during the past session, involving a capital of £96,245,650, of which 2,860 miles, with a capital of £58,452,900, were authorized. In addition to these, there were one hundred and ninety-six other projected railways, not yet before parliament, involving a capital of £160,309,000, and the amount deposited in advance upon this is £9,913,312, from which it would appear that the projectors are in earnest. Should *all* these proposed roads be constructed, in accordance with the plans of the projectors, there will have been £368,000,000, or $1,840,000,000 invested in railways and railway property in Great Britain alone! It may, however, with entire certainty be said that *all* of them will not be constructed, yet it is equally certain, or at least very probable, that many others, not now agitated, will be projected and constructed within the next ten years; and we have not a doubt that a larger amount of capital than is here given will be invested in railroads *in Great Britain* prior to the year 1860, or within fifteen years, nor that £50,000,000, or $200,000,000, of *British* capital will be invested in railroads *out* of the kingdom. *This*, however, is matter of opinion; it may, nevertheless, become true with much less effort than has been required to accomplish what has already been done.

If Great Britain can accomplish so much in her small territory, where the land is owned by a *few*, what may *we* not accomplish in this country, where every man almost is interested in the soil, and is to be benefited by its increased value, arising from the extension of such improvements? We have already in this country near 4,000 miles of rail-way in successful operation, the *net earnings* of which is *now* over *six per cent.* per annum, in gross, which will increase to *nine* or *ten per cent.* in less than ten years; this dividend is, however, of less value, far less, in this country, than the increase in the value of real estate and property generally, from the development of the natural resources of the country.—*American Rail Road Journal.*

THE FINE ARTS.—It gives us pleasure to state that, at the great sale of Joseph Bonaparte's (Count Survilliers) cabinet of paintings, at Bordentown, a few days since, some of the choicest were purchased by a gentleman of Washington.

Four of these paintings are by the celebrated French artist, *Joseph Vernet*, who was marine and landscape painter to the court of France, in the time of Louis XV; two of which are considered his best productions. They came into the possession of the Bonaparte family when Napoleon was absolute in France, and were brought to this country by his brother Joseph (the ex-king of Spain) when he left Europe for his chateau at Bordentown, New Jersey.

We are gratified to be able to state that our citizens will have an opportunity of viewing them in this city. We subjoin a brief description of the four paintings alluded to.

One of them represents a *Storm Clearing Off*—a ship on the rocks, the inhabitants of the coast rescuing passengers, and carrying them up the cliffs; size, ten feet long by five feet high; painted in 1782. The next is by the same master, (Vernet,) and was painted at Rome in 1746.

This last picture is one of the choicest specimens of this great master. It is a view near Tivoli, in Italy, with an immense number of figures; it has been engraved, as has also the one named above; size, ten feet long by four feet three inches high. Both are four feet larger than any of Vernet's paintings now in the Louvre.

There are also four smaller pieces by him, three feet five inches long by two feet five inches high. Both of them are marine views.

This eminent master was a native of Avignon,

in France, and was born in 1712. He went to Italy to study, and there remained until 1752, when he returned to France, and was appointed painter to the royal family.

His works will live as long as any of the celebrated artists of that century. In a light and airy management of his landscapes, in a deep and tender diminution of his perspective, in the clear, transparent hue of the sky, the liquid appearance of the water, and the buoyant air of the vessels which he depicted, he had no superior.

One of his celebrated pictures, *the Storm*, (which we now refer to,) is perhaps the most powerful specimen of his pencil. The *Chiaroscuro* is grand and effective. It was Vernet's custom to study nature in all her forms. He procured mariners to go out in the open sea with him, in order to store his mind with grand images, and to delight in the majesty of scenes that would fill a weak heart with terror. He was a complete master of effect, and united the charm of science to a wonderful beauty of execution, and all are struck with admiration at the truth of the perspective in the distance of the vessels.

No painter was ever more honored by royal personages than VERNET. As a proof in what estimation he was held, it may be mentioned that (in his life-time) two of his pictures, now in the Luxembourg Gallery, were purchased for fifty thousand livres. Vernet died in Paris in 1789.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE MORMONS.—The St. Louis Republican contains a correspondence between John J. Hardin, Samuel A. Douglass, W. B. Warren, and J. A. McDougal, on the one part, and Brigham Young, representing the first president and council of the church of Nauvoo, on the other part, which discloses the intention of the Mormons to remove from the state of Illinois in the spring, and the acceptance of their proposition by the Anti-mormons of Hancock and the surrounding counties. This will of course put an end to any further difficulty for the present. The proposition of the Mormons is thus stated by Gen. Hardin and his colleagues, in a letter addressed to the Anti-Mormons.

"The Mormons have pledged themselves, by word and in writing, to remove from the state. Aside from these pledges, there are reasons which incline us to the opinion that such is their intention. You desire to see them removed. We think also that, for the preservation of peace and quiet in this country, they had best remove; and we have so advised them. But it is not consistent with a proper sense of justice or humanity that families of women and children should be driven from their homes by threats or violence, at this season of the year, to breast the storms of winter, unprotected by the covering of a roof.

"Five or six thousand of the Mormons, including the entire church organization, their prominent men, and all their church judicatories, have pledged themselves to remove next spring; and, judging from appearances, they will do so. The history of their church has shown that wherever the leaders go the members will follow. This is a part of their religious duties. When, therefore, this colony shall have started for a home west of the Rocky Mountains, it will be the best possible evidence that all design removing, and will remove. Many citizens of other counties than Hancock have resolved to accept the proposition of the Mormons to remove in the spring; and most or nearly all of those, with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing, have expressed themselves satisfied with the agreement of the Mormons to remove, as submitted to us, if it is carried out in good faith."—*Ib.*

THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.—A writer in this paper, October 18th, has thought proper to animadvert on an expression used in a late number of our *Magazine*, by one of its contributors on the subject of Geology. The expression objected to is this: "I apprehend he (*the Catholic Herald*) comes not from a region where the people are infallible in guessing." To one acquainted with the usages of language in this country, the words above quoted present a very obvious meaning, and would appear to convey nothing more or less than a playful and good-humored allusion to Yankee-land. But the writer in the *Freeman's Journal*, either from ignorance of the peculiar idioms used amongst us, or through an immoderate desire of breaking a lance in controversy, has attached to the words in question an equally unwarrantable and odious sense, intimating that the "*animus* of political nativism may be discovered in the remarks of the geologist." He then adds:

"Of this, perhaps, we have no right to complain; but we do complain of the *United States Catholic Magazine's* being made a vehicle for the expression of such sentiments. They must certainly have escaped the critical eye of the editor, or he would not have permitted them to appear in a paper, whose spirit ought to be at least as large as its title, if not as universal as the faith it inculcates. There can be no affinity between the faith and feelings of a *Catholic*, and the narrow conceptions that would belong to a township, or even a 'region.'"

We heartily subscribe to the doctrine contained in the concluding lines of this paragraph, and we can truly say that we have no reason to reproach ourselves with the slightest deviation from the maxims which it implies. The spirit of the Magazine is not limited by the United States, or by any other region; it is the spirit of Catholicity which makes no exception of nations or of individuals, because it is essentially a spirit of charity. Actuated by this spirit, we were not disposed to put any narrow and illegitimate constructions on the words by which the writer on geology undertook to defend his positions: we took them in the sense which they naturally bear, and in the only sense, we think, which can be given to them, without offering violence to thought as well as to language. We see nothing in this at variance with the spirit and feelings of a Catholic; on the contrary, it seems to us

perfectly in accordance with that spirit which St. Paul tells us "thinketh no evil." But has the writer in the *Freeman's Journal* followed this rule of criticism? He has misrepresented the sentiments of his neighbor, and then complained of the *Magazine* for publishing these odious sentiments, which exist no where but in his own misguided fancy. Had we discovered, in the remarks of our contributor, any thing of the detestable doctrine referred to by the writer, most assuredly they would have been rejected with scorn from the columns of this journal, and, in pursuing this course, we should only have followed the principles that have uniformly guided us in our editorial duties. But we *know*, without laying claim to any extraordinary mental penetration or rhetorical knowledge, that the objectionable doctrine hinted at existed neither in the mind nor in the words of the writer in the Magazine; and we, therefore, respectfully suggest that the critic of the *Freeman's Journal* has gravely offended against the maxims which he inculcates, and which we also teach, that the Catholic spirit, from its very universality, breathes not contention, "thinketh no evil," judgeth not rashly. It does not lead an individual to conjure up some strange and terrible phantom in his own mind, and then credit it to the intellectual powers of his neighbor. To use the words of the critic himself: "There can be no affinity between the faith and feelings of a Catholic, and the narrow conceptions that would belong to a township or even a region:" much less, we add, between the faith of a Catholic and the narrow conceptions which prompt an individual hastily and erroneously to censure another for what he alone has the merit of originating. We coincide perfectly with the writer in his views of the enlarged spirit which ought to pervade a Catholic periodical; but we are of opinion that the theory and the practice should always go together. The principal fault which the professors of the true faith charge against the anti-catholic controversy of the times, is its character of misrepresentation, by which our tenets and practices are first disfigured or falsified, and then combated with a truly quixotic earnestness. Shall we fall into the same inconsistency among ourselves? Shall we carry on an intestine war against each other, while our adversaries are assailing us without, and are prepared to avail themselves of every circumstance favorable to their sinister purpose? We think that the real friends of Catholicity will agree with us in the opinion that such is not the course which wisdom and charity would dictate. A fair, honest, and courteous discussion of topics, within the sphere of a Catholic periodical, may be productive of good; but the industrious seeking of contentious disputation, or the unjust aspersions of a mind governed more by prejudice or sensitiveness than the rules of Christian charity, can lead only to results which our holy religion teaches us to dread and to avert. Were there less of unneighborly insinuation and unfounded censure exhibited on those occasions where there is not the slightest ground even for the suspicion of wrong, the cause of truth and religion would not suffer, and the legitimate objects of Catholic periodicals would certainly be better promoted. As to the publication of the remarks to which we object, in the *Freeman's Journal*, we shall simply observe that, although we are satisfied of the pure and honorable motives which induced the editor to insert them, we should consider it a worse than useless controversy to allude any further to the bugbear subject so unnecessarily called up in that paper. We have said enough, we think, fully to vindicate our own course, and if our remarks have a tendency to awaken a better spirit where it is wanted, we shall be happy in having rendered this service to our neighbor. We are conscious of being actuated by no other intentions, and we trust that the observations we have made will be received with the same sincerity that has placed them before the public.

After having written the above, we received from the *Geologist* himself the following lines, in reply to the writer in the Freeman's Journal.

Messrs. Editors,—In the Freeman's Journal of the 18th inst. there appears a grave complaint against your "vehicle," which you can doubtless answer most satisfactorily. The offending article in the Magazine seems to have been understood by the Catholic Herald in the sense that the writer intended, and that paper will doubtless be as astonished as myself to learn that we have both been so egregiously mistaken. The "friend," to whose judgment the editor of the Journal so implicitly deferred, is not a mortal to be rashly assailed by those who differ in opinion from him. He has such a sly way of getting at the "animus" of a plain English sentence, that he loses sight entirely of the "corpus," and consequently one can not even understand himself until this sage critic has declared his interpretation. In this predicament I can not be expected to venture farther than to give expression, in all humility, to one opinion. And lest I should be again misunderstood, I will beg pardon in anticipation of that very respectable race of people, the scattered remnant of the Jewish nation, and assuring them most solemnly that I mean not the slightest disrespect to them, will hazard the remark that the "friend" of the Freeman's Journal is no *Solomon*. A.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.—In our remarks on this excellent institute, in a late number of the Magazine, we fell into a mistake relative to the daily order of exercises pursued by the Brothers. The following paragraph will recti-

fy the error, which is found in the first column of page 662. We should also have stated that only two Brothers are employed in Baltimore, and that no one can make his simple perpetual vows until he has completed his twenty-fifth year.

"Of the mode of living pursued by the Brothers during the time not devoted to professional duties, it is only necessary to state briefly that their hour of rising is half-past four o'clock each morning throughout the year; after which, one hour and a half is devoted to exercises of devotion, which commence at five o'clock. In the morning the schools are opened at eight, and closed at eleven. Dinner commences at a quarter before twelve; after dinner there is recreation until one. In the afternoon the schools are opened at half-past one, and closed at five, (the schools are closed at half past four during the months of November, December, and January.) After school the time is spent, until about nine, partly in recreation, partly in spiritual exercises, and partly in reading literary and spiritual books. On Thursday, which is always vacant, except when a festival falls on some other day during the week, the Brothers walk out in the country until about five; this is not done in bad weather. There is school on Saturdays, the same as on other days."

Burnap's Miscellanies.—We would not have adverted to these "Miscellanies" again, but for a notice of them in Brownson's Review, which embraces in its scope a small rebuke for us, as well as a rather rough one for the author. What puzzles us most is, to know how our remarks of Mr. Burnap and his book differ essentially from Mr. Brownson's. That we have spoken of Mr. Burnap in polite language, we confess, yet we can not think that, in doing so, we have offended against either Catholic manners or doctrine. As far as the religious part of these Miscellanies is concerned, we are not conscious that we have rated them a whit higher than does Mr. Brownson himself. The only difference we can see is, that our judgment is expressed in, what appears to us to be, milder language than his. It may be a fault: but we prefer to approach those whom we consider in error with words of peace and kindness, rather than in terms of asperity or contempt, for we have never yet known any heart or understanding to be convinced by harsh or angry altercation. Mr. Brownson's readers might understand him to intimate that we had *commended* the work of Mr. Burnap. This however is far from being the case. In truth, we really imagined when we praised Mr. Burnap for his resort to Catholic principles, in his condemnation of the doctrines of Miller, that we were doing that for which he would not thank us; as, from the nature of his religious creed, he must be a friend to the greatest latitude in the doctrine of private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures. Of the author's discourse commemorative of the death of Dr. Greenwood, which comprises one of his miscellaneous articles, we had spoken in the second volume of the Catholic Magazine, and pointed out some of its errors. The essay on Church and State we condemn as strongly as Mr. Brownson himself; but in a book of *miscellanies*, where the subjects treated are perfectly distinct, it is plain that some of them may be ably handled, and be worthy of praise, while others may be very censurable; and it does not follow, because the good is favorably noticed, that the bad is equally lauded. It may not be out of place to add here that the remarks on Burnap's Miscellanies, in the September number of the Catholic Magazine, were not written by the editor. At the time they were indited and put to press, he was absent from Baltimore, having entrusted the conduct of the Magazine to one not so experienced in its management, though fully adequate to the task assumed by him. We regret that, in speaking favorably of a part of Mr. Burnap's book, we should have led Mr. Brownson or any one else to suppose that we had the slightest reference to the fallacies of the author's religious views. Saving the discourse on Millerism, we were satisfied with excepting in a general way to such matters of a religious nature as we did not approve of, and speaking favorably of the remaining portions of these Miscellanies. This we did with the more readiness, as Mr. Burnap's course has always been characterized by conciliation and a courteous respect for those from whom he differs.

We agree with Mr. Brownson as to the duties of a Catholic printer, but are not willing to give special advice, unless it is asked, and had we been disposed to be officious, we would have been too late in this instance, as the first that we knew of the work was after its publication. Mr. Brownson finds fault with the ink and the pressman; now as he asks us a very pointed question about partiality for our publisher, will he permit us to answer it by asking another? Does not his objection to ink and pressman arise from a kind feeling for Boston, and from the fact that he would like to secure for a certain *Unitarian* publisher in Boston, the printing of some of our Baltimore works?

Tribute to the Rev. P. S. Schreiber.—At a meeting of the Board of Managers, on behalf of the congregation of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, held on Monday, September 29th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty, in the inscrutable designs of his wisdom, to call to the reward of the faithful steward, the Rev. Peter S. Schreiber, second pastor of St. Vincent's church; and whereas, the decease of this excellent clergyman has been a visitation of the most afflicting nature, falling upon the church in which he ministered, at a moment when it was most in need of his valuable services; therefore,

Resolved, by the Board of Managers of St. Vincent de Paul's, that while they bow to the decrees

of Divine Providence, they deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, and with the Catholic community in general.

Resolved, that in his demise the church has lost a pious, accomplished, and efficient clergyman.

Resolved, that, as a mark of respect, the members of this Board wear the usual badge of mourning during thirty days.

Resolved, that the foregoing proceedings be signed by the secretary, and be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine, and entered on the minutes of the board. J. I. Gross, *Sec.*

Preamble and Resolutions *adopted by the Teachers of St. Vincent of Paul's S. S. Association*

Whereas, only a few months have elapsed since we were called to follow the remains of our highly cherished and deeply regretted friend, the Rev. J. B. Gildea, to the silent repository of the dead; scarcely, indeed, had we ceased our mourning for his loss, before our sorrow was renewed, as we were summoned to kneel at the dying couch of his able coadjutor, and worthy successor, the Rev. Peter Stanislaus Schreiber.

Whereas, in common with others, we feel his loss; as a zealous pastor, ever ready to administer to the wants, and to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and afflicted; as the able advocate of the doctrines and precepts of Catholicity, whose eloquence attracted the attention, and elicited the admiration of all who heard him; in a word, as the orphan's father, protector, and friend; we, in a particular manner, feel his loss as president of this association. But whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove him from the scene of his usefulness, to call him prematurely from this vale of affliction to reap the reward of his labors in a better world; be it *resolved*

1st. That we are deeply afflicted at the intelligence of his death.

2d. That we condole with his afflicted relatives and friends in the loss they have sustained.

3d. That we wear crape on our left arms for the space of thirty days, as a testimonial of our sorrow for his death, and respect for his memory and virtues.

4th. That this preamble and resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine.

M. Bush, J. T. Smith, W. G. V. Hull, B. D. Danels, J. McHenry, M. J. Kerney, chairman,
Balt., Sept. 29, 1845. *Committee.*

OBITUARY.

Died on the 27th of September, in the 42d year of his age, in the city of Chicago, the Rev. John Faughan, pastor of Elgin, Du Page county, Illinois. The deceased was a native of the parish of Armaduff county, Leitrim, and of the diocess of Ardagh, Ireland. He was ordained priest on the 3d of December, 1844, and was shortly after appointed pastor of the congregation above named, where, in the arduous discharge of his ministerial duties, he contracted disease. He lingered for some time amongst his flock, and then repaired to the residence of the bishop, where he closed his mortal career. The funeral obsequies were performed in the cathedral, and his remains were followed to the grave by the bishop, the clergy of the city, the seminarians, and a large concourse of the faithful.

Died at the residence of Mrs. Catharine Grignon, Green Bay, on Thursday, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock in the morning, after a painful illness of eleven days, the Very Rev. Pierre Chazelle, Superior of the Society of Jesuits in the province of Canada, about 50 years of age.

The deceased came among us a stranger, on a short visit, intending to return in the boat in which he came, with a view, as we are informed, to the future establishment of missionaries among the Indians in this vicinity, and through misapprehension in him as to the time of the boat's leaving, was left behind; in a day or two after he was prostrated on a bed of sickness by a most malignant fever, which continued unremittingly to the time of his death, alone as it were, a stranger in a strange land, with no familiar hand to administer to his wants in the hour of sickness and death, here, remote from friends, he came to yield up his spirit to God who gave it, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his holy name." He has passed from the earth to a purer and brighter sphere, to receive a fitting reward for his unremitting labor during his sojourn here, in disseminating, far and wide, the benign influence of Christianity and civilization. His gentleness and patient resignation during the most intense suffering, excited the sympathy, and endeared the good father to the hearts of all who visited him. It may be a source of consolation to his friends, in their affliction, to know that every attention and care was taken to alleviate his sufferings during his illness, and to soothe his dying pillow, and that every demonstration of respect was exhibited by the citizens at the interment of the remains of the stranger.—Peace be to the ashes of the holy man.—*Wiscon. Rep.*

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

Circular.—His excellency, the governor of the state, having recommended that "Thursday, the 27th day of Nov. next, be set apart and observed by the people of Maryland as a day of public thanksgiving," I request the clergy and laity of my diocess to comply with a recommendation emanating from so high a source, and originating in principles which every heart should cherish.

Given at Baltimore, October 25, 1845.

† Samuel, *archbishop of Baltimore.*

Wiseman's Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church. Baltimore: John Murphy. 12mo., pp. 480.

Whatever may be the prejudices, or the preconceived opinions of Protestants in regard to the Catholic faith, experience shows that many among them willingly embrace it so soon as they become convinced of its divine institution. All feel the necessity of religion, all feel the necessity of true religion; the question, therefore, arises, which is the true religion? Once convinced that a certain system of religion maintains the same identical faith in all its purity, and in all its bearings with that of the apostolic age, we must, if we have regard for our eternal welfare, adhere to this ark, riding so safely over the billows, bearing so high her front, with letters of living truth engraven upon her brow. The members of the Catholic church, happy in the faith which they profess, are ever anxious to bring to the truth those who sincerely desire to embrace it when known; hence are they as candid and as clear in the explanation of the Catholic doctrine, as they are active in diffusing it abroad, for the benefit of those who feel a desire to become acquainted with its principles. To such would we earnestly recommend the work before us. Among the Catholic portion of the community, Dr. Wiseman is perhaps as well known in this country as in England. His varied and profound talents have been directed solely to the good of religion, and to the dispersion of that cloud of prejudice which hangs around the minds of Protestants in regard to our holy faith. When he has occasion to touch upon points of controversy, we see the arm of the giant raised to descend with a crushing force upon his foes. The course of lectures to which we refer is of this cast: his main object in the first volume is to establish, by positive and undeniable proof, which is the true rule of faith; in the second, he lectures at length upon some points of Catholic faith upon which Protestants have great difficulty, and we are sincerely convinced that no one who really desires to embrace the truth, no one can read and ponder over this learned and able work of Dr. Wiseman, but will admit that the Catholic church is still the Spouse of Christ, that she it is who gathers into her fold her children from every clime and country under heaven, and whether the able author shall have succeeded or not in engaging his readers to practise what he proves to them, at least they must be convinced, if conviction can be effected. The present edition of the lectures has been revised and improved by the author.

The typographical execution of the work merits our praise. Mr. Murphy has earned for himself an extended reputation for the neatness and beauty of the works issuing from his press.

The Student of Blenheim Forest, or the Trials of a Convert. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo., pp. 544.

We are pleased to learn that this ably written and very interesting Catholic tale, which has appeared in the Magazine, is about to be issued in book form from the press of Mr. Murphy. We have already had occasion to speak of the high literary talents and accomplishments of Mrs. Dorsey, which have contributed at times to enhance in no small degree the value and interest of our periodical. We take this occasion publicly to tender our thanks for the excellent articles which we have received from her pen, and we trust that the success which has crowned her first efforts in the cause of Catholic literature, will induce her to exercise her talents in the execution of some other works of a similar character. If the *Student of Blenheim Forest* meet with an extensive patronage, it is nothing more than what the book is entitled to, on account of its real merit. We understand that it will be printed handsomely, forming a volume of about five hundred pages, with a fine engraving as a frontispiece.

Lives of the Saints, by the Rev. Alban Butler, No. V. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

This valuable work is issued regularly to meet the wishes of its numerous patrons. The present number contains the lives of the saints for the month of May. For sale by John Murphy.

The Catholic Keepsake. Edited by Professor Walter. Philadelphia: Published by M. Fithian. For sale by John Murphy, Baltimore.

It gives us infinite pleasure to commend to the public in general, and to Catholics in particular, this agreeable little volume, got up for the approaching holiday season. We hail it with especial gratification, as the first undertaking of the kind originated in this country by Catholic enterprise. Catholics have long felt the want of an annual of this description, and they will find themselves at the coming Christmas at no loss for a literary douceur for their friends and children. This work comes to us with the distinguished approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, a circumstance which will entitle it to far more favor than any thing we could urge in its behalf. The printing of this annual is excellent, the engravings only tolerable; but we must remember that the work is but an experiment, and it depends upon the encouragement which the Catholics of the country will give it, whether in future the enterprise, now commenced, will be improved or suffered to languish. The matter of this volume is excellent, and in general unexceptionable, and we think we will not be going too far to promise the publisher and editor the prospect of a fair reward for their commendable zeal in presenting to the public this new phase in American Catholic literature.

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